

DECEMBER 2015

**MASSACRE OF SHIITES IN
NIGERIA:**

Survivors Accounts

Compiled by IBRAHIM MUSA

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PREFACE

It is intriguing that four years after the Nigerian Army's crackdown on the Islamic Movement in Nigeria and its leader, Sheikh Ibraheem Yaqoub Zakzaky, the international community in general and most Nigerians in particular still adopt a nonchalant attitude towards this heinous crime against humanity perpetrated under President Muhammadu Buhari's regime since its inception in 2015 to date 2019. Probably, part of the reasons for such a cruel silence to such a large scale killing in Zaria, Nigeria, is the lack of awareness of what actually transpired on those dark days of 12th-14th December, 2015.

Indeed this is precisely what this book is about to obliterate from the minds of well-meaning Nigerians and the good people of the world. It is the account of 25 survivors of the atrocities committed by the military against unarmed civilians. Their accounts were first published in a Hausa weekly newspaper, ALMIZAN and were translated to English a year ago. Hopefully this English translation will augment the same accounts by the survivors published in Hausa in 2018 in telling the world what actually happened in Zaria, Nigeria. And to corroborate these accounts two chapters were added. The first one was the confession of the Kaduna state government of its complicity in the cruelty perpetrated in Zaria. The second chapter was a report by the reputable human rights organization, Amnesty International on the Zaria genocide.

However, I will like to acknowledge the contribution of Aliyu Bashir Almusawi in making this book a reality. He did the translation of the interviews ALMIZAN newspaper had with the survivors. I edited the manuscript and molded it into the book it is now. Also the input of Dr. Shuaibu Musa and Abdulmumin Giwa in the making of this book cannot go unnoticed. I must however confess that this translation can be improved upon, which I believe

can be done in subsequent editions. Our thanks go to the sponsor of the publication, who wants to remain anonymous. May Allah reward him with abundant wealth, health and protection in this world and also grant him His mercy and blessings in the hereafter.

On a final note, whosoever reads this book should first pray to Allah to increase our leader Sheikh Ibraheem Zakzaky in health and hundreds of others injured since the military's onslaught on the Islamic Movement in December, 2015. May Allah also hasten his release from illegal detention by Buhari regime.

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31/12/2019

ZARIA MASSACRE IN BRIEF

On 12th December, 2015, an incredible scenario transpired in Zaria when Nigerian soldiers were dispatched to the centre of the Islamic Movement in Nigeria and ordered to kill its leader, Sheikh Ibraheem Yaqoub Zakzaky and as many Muslim brothers and Sisters of the Movement as possible.

At the end of the operation in which the soldiers were deployed under the pretext of blocking Lieutenant General Tukur Yusuf Buratai's convoy, they killed more than a thousand of Sheikh Zakzaky's followers in three locations they had laid siege, namely Hussainiyya Baqiyatullah, which is located along Sokoto Road, Zaria; Sheikh Zakzaky's residence in Gyallesu, Zaria and Darur Rahma, a famous graveyard of the martyrs in Dembo village, located in the outskirt of Zaria.

During the two days' atrocities carried out by the Nigerian soldiers from Saturday to Monday, 12-14/12/2015, they killed more than one thousand followers of Sheikh Zakzaky including women and children. Among those killed were dozens of women, some of whom were pregnant. They killed more than seventy girls, most of whom were undergraduate students studying at various academic institutions. More so, the soldiers brutally murdered many aged women who were mostly septuagenarians and hundreds of youthful students studying at Nigerian and oversea universities.

The atrocities were so monstrous that in some cases entire family members, husband, wife and children, were wiped out. There was one who lost his four children, all of who were undergraduates, during the clampdown. There was a woman who lost five of her children and her husband. To add to the atrocities, there was a man who lost his three daughters, granddaughter and son-in-law. There was also a woman who lost her six children, husband and relatives.

During the siege, which was characterized by heavy shelling, a Muslim Sister prematurely gave birth as a result of the trauma. Unfortunately she and the baby did not survive the massacre. The woman died as a result of severe wounds sustained from gunshots.

The soldiers fired grenades at the residence of Sheikh Zakzaky which set the house on fire. Afterwards, they forcefully entered the residence and virtually shot dead everybody in the house. They met severely wounded people who fled to the residence after their houses have been attacked, but the soldiers did not hesitate to pour on them petrol and set them alight which burnt them alive.

As a result of the tragedy, high profile disciples of Sheikh Zakzaky were also killed. They include Sheikh Muhammad Turi Kano, Sheikh Mukhtar Sahabi Kaduna, Sheikh Mustapha Lawal Potiskum, Sheikh Muhammad Kabir Al-Kanawy, Sheikh Muhammad Auwal Iyal Zaria, Zakzaky's personal physician, Dr Mustapha Sa'id and president of the Movement's Media Forum, Ibrahim Usman.

The army also killed three additional children of Sheikh Zakzaky apart from the three killed a year before. They also killed Sheikh Zakzaky's nephew, Shamsuddeen and his sister, Fatima popularly known as Goggo Fatima. Her body was thrown into the blazing fire and she was burnt beyond recognition.

After killing all those that came to protect Sheikh Zakzaky, the soldiers reached his living room where he and a handful of family members and relatives were staying and opened fire on them. In the process, they shot his wife, Zeenah Ibrahim a multiple of times. The soldiers shot at sensitive parts of Sheikh Zakzaky's body which cost him one eye and damaged the remaining one. Very few people survived the siege.

Hundreds of girls and married women were arrested and taken to an army barrack where they were molested, water-boarded and their hijabs stripped off. To add insult to injuries, the soldiers were openly taunting the detainees, vowing to eliminate Sheikh Zakzaky and his entire followers. The detainees were horrified to see that their fellow dead members were being molested in their

presence. Hundreds of men were detained and tortured: they were denied food, water and medical attention for days, and the deprivation led to the death of many who could not withstand the tortures.

The soldiers mobilized hooligans and thugs living in the residential area to scavenge and mutilate the dead bodies of those they killed. The hoodlums were so inhumane that they cut off a finger from one of the dead to steal his ring, while the soldiers looked on and as they gave them instructions. The soldiers were chanting “no more Shi’ah” as they were hailed by the hoodlums.

At various checkpoints leading to Zaria city, a lot of Muslim brothers and sisters of the Islamic Movement who were heading to Sheikh Zakzaky’s residence were shot dead. Unfortunately a lot of innocent people who were not part of the Islamic Movement were also innocently killed in the process.

Having completed the massacre, they evacuated hundreds of dead bodies to Mando village in the outskirts of Kaduna where they buried them in mass graves without separating women, men and children. In fact, it emerged later on that among the victims, some of them were still alive but severely wounded when they were thrown to the mass grave and buried. There were other reported mass burials secretly and probably cremated in army barracks.

Furthermore, the soldiers wounded hundreds of people who sustained various degrees of injuries ranging from gunshots to bomb shrapnel. Some victims had to be taken abroad for proper medical treatment.

The Zaria massacre had resulted in the death of over one thousand people, 550 widows affected and over 1300 children were turned to orphans overnight. The massacre also affected over 4000 people who were economically reliant on the victims for their survival.

Despite the crimes against humanity the soldiers had committed, they went ahead and bulldoze Sheikh Zakzaky’s residence and allowed people to pillage valuable items in sections not affected by the fire that burned most part of it. The soldiers fired

grenades at Hussainiyya Baqiyyatullah which resulted in the collapse of the foyer on people taking refuge inside the Islamic Centre. Having killed nearly every one in the building, they evacuated the dead and razed down the building altogether. The soldiers were also sent to destroy the Darur Rahma despite its pre-colonial style buildings, architectural attrens and significance to Hausa movie makers. The graves of the martyrs were desecrated and dug up. The once lively cultural resort is now but completely destroyed.

The soldiers did not stop at that, they destroyed and desecrated the tomb of Zakzaky's mother Salaha Hari Jamo in Jushi residential area before they went to Fudiyya Islamic Centre, Zaria and demolished the research Centre and connived with locals to loot books and valuable items at the Centre as well.

The accounts you are about to read are testimonies from the survivors who witnessed and survived the massacres. The survivors described how they had witnessed the crimes against humanity perpetrated by the Muhammadu Buhari regime on innocent unarmed citizens.



Shahid Kasimu Umar talking to Sayyid Hammad Ibraheem Zakzaon
Sunday 13/12/15 before the soldiers reached the Sheikh's house

Only Allah can deliver me

By Sheikh Ibraheem Zakzaky

The leader of the Islamic Movement in Nigeria was the first person to give the account of the horrible Army onslaught in Zaria. He granted an interview to the BBC Hausa service on 12th December, 2015 and also had a phone chat with an Iranian official named Hussein. Below is the transcript of the phone chats.

Any person who visits our website, www.harkarmusulunci.org would see for himself how we announced our plan to hoist a flag on 12th December 2015. We started the announcement since Wednesday 7th December, 2015. So this is a well-advertised programme. On the other hand, the soldiers used to seal roads during passing out parades, and since our programme was scheduled to take place at 5:00pm, it was well after they might have rounded up their parade.

Suddenly, news reached us that soldiers were deployed and positioned at Hussainiyya. We didn't know the motive behind the development and shortly afterwards they started shooting in the air, after which they started to shoot people.

As for the allegation that we blocked road and even attempted to assassinate the Army Chief, Lt Gen Tukur Buratai, is a blatant lie. The Movement as at then was 37 years since it started, but there was never a time we attacked any police or army officer or any person? How many times did soldiers pass by Hussainiyya? Have we ever attacked them? I think they are just making pretext.

They first claimed that we would hold a meeting to avenge the killings of our members in Gabari village which is not far from Zaria. Later on it was rumoured that we had killed two soldiers, and lastly we heard General Buratai himself had narrowly survived assassination attempt. These are all unsubstantiated allegations. It looked as if they have planned something and were looking for a reason to justify their actions.

If it was true that it was actually an attack on them, then why is it that we are the only victims of shootings and killings and not a single soldier sustained any injury? They were armed while we were not. In fact we were only there to hoist a flag (Signifying the birth month of Prophet Muhammad SAWA).

Right now we are under siege. They are shooting at my house and they have destroyed our Hussainiyya. We've heard explosion and they are now shooting at my house. They are shooting right now. They have been shooting since yesterday in the night. It is now almost 10 hours to 11 eleven hours. Well, there is nothing I can do except Allah alone can deliver me because there is no way out. They have already laid siege on the whole house from every corner and are shooting.

Right now we don't know the exact numbers they have killed, but they arrested some alive and killed them, there are about 30. But in Hussainiyya they have killed everyone there. They are relentlessly shooting. All we can say is people should calm down. There are people staying in Hussainiyya and soldiers have actually besieged the area. We wanted to go and hoist our flag and disperse but the soldiers have blocked every road leading to the venue.”



Shahid Qasimu Umar urging Shahid Hammad Ibraheem Zakzaky to go back inside their house on Sunday 13/12/15.

How a soldier shot me

By Hajiya Ramatu Abdullahi

We started hearing sounds of gunshots at 8:00 p.m. in Gyallesu after they had surrounded the Hussainiyya in the afternoon. They shelled the building, and they killed a large number of our members. All the four streets leading to the residence of our leader, Sheikh Zakzaky were blocked. They kept shelling us and the wounded were being evacuated in multitudes. We were busy evacuating wounded women, and by 2:00 a.m. on that eventful day, we had lost count of the number of people wounded or killed. We kept on evacuating, waiting for when it would probably be our own turn to be evacuated. Among the earliest to be martyred was the commander of the volunteer unit, Malam Hamza Yawuri.

Before then, we learnt that there were mass street protests being held in other towns and cities across the country. We had been calling people to enquire from them about the protests and to update them on the situation in Zaria. We were at Gyellesu, the leader's residence. The Nigerian army continued to shell the entire area as if it was a war zone like we see in films, and they never stopped till dawn.

After the Early morning (Subhi) prayers, they pressed ahead with the shelling and by that time it was even more intense than it can be imagined. They simply kept shelling us. During the night, they were shooting from the direction of Kongo area since barricades were quickly erected along the road leading to Gyallesu by members of the movement to slow them down, and it was still so dark with no electricity supply at the time. When power was restored, we had to smash most of the bulbs to keep the area dark so that the soldiers could not spot our positions to shoot at us easily. However, they had powerful light sources that illuminated the

whole area. Besides, they had set two kiosks ablaze and used the light to further spot our positions from afar. The fire was however later on extinguished.

At dawn, they had crossed over the barricades that were used to slow down their rampaging advance. People made some great sacrifices until they met their demise in the hands of these soldiers. We had no weapons to fight with apart from seeking divine help. We could only chant the Takbir, Allah is great and occasionally some youths threw stones if they found any. They kept on killing and pushing forward towards the main residence of Sheikh Zakzaky until they reached the gate where some volunteer guards (Hurras) were. They blew off the gate, and continued to shell the area, advancing in three directions at the same time. By that time, they had already killed so many beyond any imagination. The shelling, which I later learnt was by rocket propelled grenades (RPGs) never stopped and was indeed so intense that we the survivors of that ferocious attack were only destined to survive.

HOW I WAS SHOT

I was shot adjacent to the residence of the Sheikh, where we had parked our car thinking that it would shield us from the attacks. Some two young girls were shot dead just in front of us. I thought they stooped and lied down to escape being hit. It was later that I realized that they were killed by bullets when I found out that they were lifeless. It was while I was trying to assist one of the girls that I was also hit by a bullet. I tried and dragged the girl to one of the neighboring houses. Later, two male members, who were also shot, joined us in the house.

I was about to get out again for the other girl when I learned that my elder sister, with whom I took cover behind the car earlier, was also shot. She fell down shortly after she had limped to the house and blood was profusely oozing out of her body. She was shot four times at her back. When the soldiers realized people were taking shelter in the house, they came after us! I had wanted to carry my sister and leave with her, but I couldn't because she was too heavy for me, and I could not do it alone. I asked some women with us to assist us, but sadly we all also couldn't, women not being

as physically strong as men. I therefore had to drag her into one of the bedrooms in the house.

As I tried to sneak out, I spotted a soldier entering the house. There were two males and a lady in the building at the time and some ladies who were all shot, either on their legs or their hands. Another woman was shot at the back and at her thigh. I hid myself and watched in horror as the soldier shot them dead one after the other! When he walked out, I tearfully rushed over to find they were lying lifeless in the pool of their blood.”

THE REASON THEY COMMITTED THIS ATROCITY

I consider this to be an unjustified premeditated massacre. There was no reason to justify this genocide. All the excuses they offered cannot explain the extent of the heinous killings. They were simply trying to look for an alibi to justify these gross misdeeds. If anyone had blocked their convoy, why did they not limit their punishment on those who did it alone instead of proceeding to commit genocide in different far locations from where the alleged blocking of road took place? Why were they in Sheikh Zakzaky's residence located several kilometers away with intent to kill him? Why were even remote places associated with the Islamic Movement and the Sheikh targeted and destroyed having killed everyone within sight? Clearly, it was clear cut preplanned massacre. They only hid under the cover of road blockade to justify these atrocities. They had an ulterior motive, so they were looking for a reason to justify their action.

My message to this murderous government is that we will never be wiped out of existence. They cannot ever defeat our faith even if they were to massacre us altogether.

Soldiers stripped us of our Hijab

By Rabi'atu Muhammad

We were inside the Hussainiyya complex when a whistle was blown twice. We had never heard such a whistle. When we walked out, we saw truckloads of soldiers. When the whistle was blown again, the soldiers came down their trucks. I went back to inform Muslim brothers inside that it was soldiers, who were blowing the whistle, and they were armed and the trucks that brought them had turned back.

Some of the brothers met and asked them why they were deployed. They said they were looking for their lost military helmet. Some Muslim brothers begged them to turn back since they could not trace it. They backtracked saying there was to be a passing out parade that was why they were dispatched to the area. The brothers argued with them that the vicinity of Husainiyya is not even close to the army barrack and they have never deployed soldiers whenever the passing out parade is being held. They then pleaded with them to go back. They retreated to a railway junction and they escorted them to the polo pitch before they came over again. Some of the brothers met them once more. They immediately took positions and started shooting. They were shooting sporadically at us and we were chanting Labbayk Ya Rasulillah! Labbayk Ya Ali!

That was how they started shooting on Saturday around 12:30 p.m. up to Sunday. After destroying Hussainiyya with bombs, the soldiers entered, shooting at whoever was lying down whether he was dead or alive; whether it was a child, male or female. We, on the other hand, entered a building adjacent to Hussainiyya, however a soldier broke into the building and started shooting. I was already shot at and I was writhing in pain. He was about to shoot me again when one of the soldiers asked him to leave me alone.

I heard the soldier saying Shia is not Islam, it is apostasy, and that they were getting rewarded for killing Shias. He swore that Allah will reward them for their actions. Little children were taking refuge inside a room that was close to the main door of the house when a soldier broke open the door and no sooner had he entered he started shooting at the children. Indeed to Allah we belong and to Allah we shall return! (Crying). These children were killed with gunfire!

They then evacuated us to the barrack, and tortured us. They forced us to lie flat on a tarred road, taunting us that “Shia is not a religion. It is a deviation!” They claimed even though they were killing us they were getting reward from Allah for their actions. They confiscated our belongings and stripped us of our hijabs; they blindfolded us; they robbed us of everything and gleefully snapping us with their mobile phones without hijab.

They did not allow us to sleep that night. They kept torturing us before they crammed us in a truck in the morning. They teargased us inside the truck which caused us to repeatedly cough throughout the journey to Kaduna. The severely wounded among us were left to writhe in pain without medical attention. I could not even stand on my feet. Some women were pregnant and had gunshot wounds. After several days of detention in Kaduna, we were released.”



Some of the followers of Sheikh Zakzaky protecting his house on Sunday 13/12/15

They handcuffed me from behind and tore my cloth

By Sukaina Yahaya

My name is Sukaina Yahaya. I am around 13 years of age. I was staying with kids at home and my mother went to Hussainiyya after we received the news of the situation at Hussainiyya. I was left at home to finish the housewares. Having finished cooking food, we were so tensed that we could not even eat. The younger children were crying. So, I mollycoddled them, and as they began to fall asleep, it was already dark. I stood up to say my prayers. It was in the midst of the prayers that I heard gun shots. I also heard the chanting “Allahu Akbar! Ya Mahdi!” Before I moved to stand up, my younger brother, Baqir and Malam who were asleep, woke up and walked out. The youngest brother who was not more than four years old wanted to get out but I was helpless to hold him back. I put him on bed. He said, “Aunty Sukaina, is it gunshots? May Allah curse the oppressors!” I handed him over to a girl and made for the doorway. I met Zainab, Muhammad Bello's daughter. They were crying, saying “oh our leader!” As I reached the residence of Sheikh Zakzaky, I met people being shot at. It was at that point they fired a grenade at two kiosks, and blazing fire was raging forcing out some brothers who were taking cover behind. We had to apply a lot of efforts to extinguish the fire.

I was supplying stones to our brothers who were throwing them to resist the soldiers' advancing. I kept praying as I walked. I cried when I saw piles of bodies of men and women lying dead before me. A person would ask for a stone but before he left, he would be shot dead instantly. I wondered what would happen if the soldiers subdued us and stormed Sheikh Zakzaky's house. I prayed to Allah not to give them that chance so long as we were alive.

We had been shielding ourselves from their shelling for 8pm to 4am. Subhi (dawn) Prayer calls from mosques signaled that

it was almost time for prayer. Simultaneously, we saw approaching vehicles and motorcycles and they arrived at the scene to reinforce the existing soldiers. The soldiers pushed back and forth shooting at different positions they thought we were hiding. That forced us to lie down. When they came closer, we saw that they were armed with tanks. Together with my age mates we got up and threw stones at them. One of them asked the soldiers not to shoot us because we were underage girls. They retreated because of the chanting of “Allahu Akbar, Labbayk Ya Allah, Labbayk Ya Rasulillah, Labbayk Ya Ali!” had scared the hell out of them. They were confused by our chants, and at that time they carried away the body of whoever they killed.

We saw from one young brother from afar scuffling with a soldier, the soldiers opened fire on him at close range, till he fell down. After they left the scene, I and one Sister named Ruqayya went over to him and carried him to a house nearby. Shortly after we came out, they shot Ruqayya on the face, and the other girl who was with us also called for help saying she was shot. My hands were so weak that the stones on my hands fell down. I didn't know what happened to me until I reached her. She then told me I was also shot. I tried to throw stone at them using my left hand but I couldn't. I fell down after losing too much blood. That was how they came and arrested us. They kept dragging us on the ground including the dead bodies of those they killed. They stripped me of my hijab and removed my cloth and handcuffed me from behind.

After taking us to barrack, the soldiers repeatedly molested us and denied us food. They even refused to allow us to pray, claiming we were Shi'ites; therefore, we are not Muslims. I pleaded with them to allow us to pray but they refused. One of the soldiers slapped me and another kicked me on my chest. They kept torturing us (for hours.) It was shortly after that some soldiers came and demanded that we be handed over to them so that they could kill us. I yelled at one of them, saying he could not threaten us. They then threw us into a swimming pool and crammed us with the Muslim brothers who were thrown there before us despite the extreme cold weather.

Though I escaped alive, I lost my daughter

By Fatima Yahaya Magume

On Saturday morning, we went to Hussainiyya because there was going to be a flag-hoisting ceremony to celebrate the holy birth month of the Prophet (Muhammad SAWA). The Ashura flag was scheduled to be replaced by that of the Maulud. We were the organizers of the programme. Not long after, we heard a siren. When we trooped out, we saw armed soldiers standing in front of Hussainiyya. Some men went to ask for the reason behind their deployment. They said they had come to pick up their lost beret. The answer was not convincing.

After retreating, they started shooting. We were ordered to get inside. Upon entering the building, we saw a number of dead bodies being brought in while the soldiers, on the other hand, were evacuating some bodies after they had killed them. Shortly afterwards they sent in another set of soldiers and their numbers increased considerably. They kept on shooting as they besiege the Hussainiyya. The shooting only subsided at the midnight. The soldiers then deployed a loudspeaker, asking every remaining occupant of Hussainiyya to come out otherwise they would use force to break in. They were watching us from afar. Some of us were praying (at that time.) We turned the light off. They then used a powerful touch light which beamed the whole Hussainiyya. The fact that they were sure we were unarmed did not stop them from launching a grenade attack on us. After they had bungled open the main gate and other entrances, they then came in with full force shooting at people observing prayers and those lying down injured. Some were badly wounded while some were already killed. They shot them point blank.

In the early morning, they entered Hussainiyya poured petrol to it and set fire to every part of the building. They had no

pity for the children who were crying. Many of them were just kids who normally attend Islamic lessons on Saturdays and Sundays in the complex. Many of them were traumatized, apart from the fact that they were also very hungry. They were too terrified to sleep and the heavy gunfire could not allow them to do so that night. They watched as their fellow kids were being killed in their presence. I evacuated some of the children to a nearby building in the Hussainiya where I hid them, but that did not stop the soldiers from setting the building ablaze. They had no pity for the children whatsoever. One soldier was about to shoot us when another soldier asked him not to shoot. That's how we managed to escape the fire.

On my part, I have my daughter killed by the soldiers. After escaping the fire, they waylaid us. They asked to remove our hijabs, but I resisted saying it was our formal religious dress. That reply angered them so much that they beat the hell out of me. One soldier hit me on my back with an axe handle. Some chained us, dragging us on the ground and they threw us inside a military truck together with children and dead bodies and took us to barrack.

They tortured us when we reached their barrack. One female soldier slapped me five times; another kept hitting me until I could see no more. They then threw us into a dirty unused swimming pool. We found some underage Almajiris who have started dozing off inside before we came. The Almajiris said they were asleep when they were arrested. They were at least thirty in number. Among us were many underage children many of whom were shot or beaten. I don't think a human being can ever mete out to a man a fraction of what they had done us. They used abusive words to demonize us, saying we blocked their convoy. It all happened in our presence, nobody blocked their convoy, and may Allah avenge for us.

Soldiers doused us with petrol and set us on fire

By Muhammad Altine

It was soldiers who shot me on the leg. I was taken to the leader's house where I was given medical attention. I was lying among dead bodies when the soldiers came in shooting to kill the critically wounded people. After making sure that they killed everybody, they set fire to us; that's on Sunday. Whenever the fire died down, they ignited another (fire.) They did that at least four times. That was why I got burnt from leg to my back.

It was then they allowed the lawless thugs to come and pilfer what remained of our phones and money, but the truth was they were also there to help the soldiers ship the dead to the road. When the thugs stole from a dead person lying close to me, they heard me breathing. They said, "Let's talk to the soldiers to finish him." I begged them to get me out. One of them said, "I think this guy has suffered too much!" They sympathized with me. They asked me to pretend helping them remove the dead bodies, so that they could help me escape. They asked me to go and look for a wheelbarrow and I was walking when they showed me a way to escape. That was how Allah destined my escape.

I am fast recovering and the injuries I sustained have solidified my belief that we are on the right path. The Prophet (Muhammad SAWA) also faced different kinds of adversities, and so did the infallible Imams. The holy Prophet and the infallible Imams up to Imam Hassan Al-Askary all died as martyrs. None of them (the infallible Imams) died on his deathbed.

I am calling our members not to relent in praying for Sheikh Zakzaky (H). May Allah protect him from the enemies' conspiracy! Our brothers should also hold onto the Islamic Movement upon which we are struggling to preserve. What has been committed against us was a conspiracy (hatched by the enemies).

I saw Sheikh Zakzaky being taken away by soldiers

By Danladi Yakubu

When soldiers reached Sheikh Zakzaky's residence, they were shouting at people to come out. They set fire to the house. They came into the house after the fire has torched some parts of my body. We were lucky the soldiers put out the fire on some of us and handcuffed us. That was what they did to a lot of people. They chained us and put us aside. We were 26 in number.

The wife of Sheikh Zakzaky, Malama Zeenah was standing when a soldier tried to slap her which she evaded. He stepped back and kicked her on her face so hard that her eye swelled up. On the other hand, they were trying to arrest Suhaila (Sheikh Zakzaky's daughter) which she resisted. They eventually caught her forcefully and handcuffed her. They wanted to shoot her, but Malama Zeenah warned them not to, saying they should rather kill her instead. "You killed my three sons in the past and now you have killed another three, kill me then!" That was how they shot her at her lower abdomen.

At the time they came into the house, Sheikh Zakzaky was busy praying and supplicating. He had also been receiving calls. When he was done, they asked him to follow them. He said he was wounded by bullets on his leg, so he could not stand. They took him to the vehicle while they were violently insulting him. They took him away through the backdoor. Malama Zeenah, her daughter and other sisters were also taken away.

Our leader Sheikh Zakzaky had actually impressed me. There was no sign of trauma in him. He was answering calls from people who were asking him to leave the house. He insisted that he

would not go anywhere. He was unfazed as they took him away. His children Sayyid Ali and Hammad were all martyred in our presence. That forced Humaid to run after the soldiers and I didn't know what they had done to him ever since.

Having brought us out, they repeatedly beat us. A soldier came forward and told us we were in danger since we had been arrested in the Sheikh's residence, therefore, we would be killed. The soldiers gave each of us a bullet with which they said they will use to kill us. They kept on beating us and later kept us there. They collected the ammunition upon their return and asked us to lie down. Then they untied our legs and immediately started shooting in the air. We thought they had been shooting at our brothers before it came to our turn.

At that point, they took us to a barrack located inside the military depot where they kept us in the dungeon, and they kept torturing us (for long.) A senior military officer came forward and ordered that they stop beating us; they should rather write our names and ages. After that, they brought us to a surface where they dumped us in an open pitch. It was so cold. They chained us and forced us to lie down on the ground. From then on, they transferred us to a cell. There were a lot of sisters and small children inside. Sister Zainab who had been arrested in Zakzaky's residence was separated from us. She was kept in solitary confinement in what appeared to look like a cage. Nobody was allowed to get near to her. They intermittently interviewed her.

On Tuesday, they came to fetch us saying they would take us to the hospital. They took us to Shika Teaching Hospital. They warned the medics not to allow us to have access to a phone otherwise they would beat any person that did so. Then a senior army officer came and said anybody treated should be given access to a phone to call his relation to come and take him home. That was how elders from our residential area came and took me.

What saddened me most was how the soldiers kept shelling our leader's house. More so, at Sheikh Zakzaky's residence, a one year old kid, who I think his mother was killed, saw a soldier and rushed to him yelling, "Daddy! Daddy," but one soldier gunned

him down. That was very pathetic!

This Movement was built upon resistance and endurance. If a person is scared of death, he should not join in. Finally, brothers should not relent praying for the leader's health and freedom. We should also pray for resilience and steadfastness in this Movement.



Some of the followers of Sheikh Zakzaky protecting his house on Sunday 13/12/15

How I survived the brutal army attack in Gyallesu

By Nasiru Abdulmalik

I hail from Saminaka town in Kaduna state. First of all, we reached Gyallesu residential area (in Zaria) on 12th December, 2015 at 10 p.m. Not long after we have entered the area, the soldiers came shooting and they spent the whole night doing just that. In the beginning we were able to



Nasiru Abdulmalik

evacuate the victims of gunshots and take them to our medics. The fact that I was one of the First Aid volunteers, I stayed with them after we had taken a wounded person. We were busy looking after the wounded by giving them necessary medical attention such as dressing the wounds with bandage.

The following day, Sunday, after the dawn prayer, I came out of the temporary Medics Centre and by that time they had already entered the area because they were reinforced. I was shot where the second transformer was stationed near the Sheikh's residence. I was taken to a place where we used to keep the wounded persons, Sheikh Maina's house. I was treated there. But the place was too cold for me due to the weather. I was then transferred to a passage leading to the house, and the cold subsided eventually.

We were still there when we heard them shelling and killing people. The shelling continued throughout that day. It came to a point where the wounded could not be evacuated any longer because they had overpowered our brothers at that point. It came to a point that they entered the house we were sheltering the wounded. We could hear their movement in the house where they shot to death the critically wounded people and further shot at those who already attained martyrdom as well. Having finished the killings, we heard them spraying petrol and burning the dead. We also heard their footsteps upstairs and they burned down every valuable material inside. We heard everything. But luckily they did not enter our hiding place. We heard some of them saying, "There are lots of people out there who are not dead! So make sure you kill them all." We just hid inside praying, and luckily, they did not enter the hiding place.

Early in the morning on Monday, I told those I was with who were wounded and those who did not sustain injuries that I would go. I tiptoed among the burnt dead bodies. When I was close to the gate, I saw a soldier's shadow standing. I stepped back to the house. I decided to escape the house through the wall. Despite my wound from the gunshot, I limped and climbed the wall and escaped. I trespassed through a number of houses. On my way to escape, I came across a lot of corpses until I managed to take refuge in one house. When I entered the house, I made my way to a room by breaking into the window because the door was locked. The room looked like an unused chicken coop. I still hid under the cupboard to make it hard for a person to even find me. At that point, I heard a movement; when I peeped through the window I saw it was a brother hiding under a table. I asked him to come in and hide together.

We were there when we heard shootings inside Sheikh Maina's house (because we were close to the house) and later they set fire to the entire house. The house kept burning until Tuesday. In the noon, the soldiers came into the house (we were hiding) to search. A soldier kicked the door and broke it open but he did not enter; he moved on. They came back to the house in the evening but

we managed to leave where we were hiding to a room that contained a lot of luggage and we even wanted to change our dress. They began to search every nook and cranny of the house until they found us. They fished us out and it was at that point they pricked my head with a bayonet. Blood started gushing out. They asked me to cover it with a piece of rug. They searched us thoroughly and confiscated our money, phones and ID Cards. They brought us all out and stationed us in front of Sheikh Zakzaky's house.

It was at our leader's residence that they returned our money but withheld the phones saying it was only if we were to be released they would return them. We remained there till the late evening before they carried us in their vehicle and took us to their barrack. After the sunset, they took us to an underground cell, it had staircase. The cell was made for torturing inmates because there was what looked like an unused swimming pool. They brought us out, searched us and removed our belts, tied our hands behind our back, then transferred us to another detention facility.

I could not walk when they were transferring us, I was in pain. One of them warned they would leave me behind if I could not catch up with them. One of the soldiers carried me on his shoulder and dumped me in the detention room. We spent the night there in chain. We saw a lot of brothers and sisters including children who were abducted and brought to the room. But the children were not tied. In the midnight, they said it was time to sleep, so they asked us to lie down on our faces, and they did not give us anything to eat let alone did they give us water. We remained like that for the whole night and soldiers beat us with belts and marched on whoever tried to move or asked for help.

In the morning when the sun rose over the horizon, they asked us to get up. There were critically wounded persons among us who were also tied up. One of them succumbed to his wounds as a result of several gunshots he sustained, and he suffered so much that he was writhing in pain. It was at dawn that he passed on.

There was a female soldier who suggested they give us food, but they declined. Then she demanded that critically wounded people be taken to hospital, and her anxiety was

worsened by the death of one of our members. She asked for an ambulance after which the wounded were separated and that was how we were taken to the army-administered hospital. We then observed that there were some brothers at the place many of whom were women who sustained various degrees of injuries. It was so bad that one woman's hand was completely shattered; another woman's leg was destroyed and one woman was injured on her thigh, to mention but a few. Many of them were women and men with broken legs.

After that, they transferred us to ABU Teaching Hospital at Shika in the evening, including the person who died in detention. They handed us over to the medics who took over our cases. They gave us necessary treatment and food. That was where we were fed.

When they kept us in front of our leader's house, they uttered abusive words like "This is the end of Zakzaky and you will never hear from him again!" They even told us his condition was worse than ours. They also said, "Shi'a would no longer be practiced in Nigeria unless a person will go to Iran to practice it. Shi'a exists in Iran but not in Nigeria anymore." When they realized from my ID that I'm a health volunteer, they kept teasing me that I was the Shiites doctor. They even taunted us, "you are very educated but you have wasted your time serving Zakzaky rather than looking for a job."

Yes, to be honest, some of the soldiers were not happy with the way we were being maltreated; some of them even stopped their fellow soldiers from beating us. They often said we should be treated with respect. There was one soldier who did not beat anybody. He even said he was included in the operation against his wish. He tried to assuage our panic, saying we should not panic because it was going to be over soon. Honestly, he sympathized with us so much.

As for law and order, if there are violators, then the Army is the law breaker. First of all, which law did we break? What crime have we committed? They said we blocked their convoy and we refused to let them pass despite repeatedly pleading with us to lift

the blockade, but which law permitted them to use firearms and kill people just to pass? Let's assume their allegation is true, what were they supposed to do according to the law? They neither reported it to the police nor took the case to court, in fact, they did not even take the case to the National Human Rights.

But what made them to open fire on women, children and men when they besieged Hussainiyya and demolished the building and killed its occupants? How has the law allowed the killing of over a thousand people just because their convoy was blocked? Nonetheless, when they went to Gyallesu, where they massacred hundreds and demolished the house, shot Sheikh Zakzaky and arrested him together with his family members and followers, was their convoy also blocked there?

Besides, everybody including religious or political groups block roads during its religious or political rally. Even Nasir El-Rufai before his emergence as Governor, only God knows how many rallies he organized and how many times he blocked roads. Should he have been shot at and killed? They massacred people at Darur Rahma, demolished it and evacuated the victims. It was located in a bush, so it did not pose a threat to anyone. They just planned to massacre people thinking that it would bring the Islamic Movement to its knees just because it's oppressive government disliked it.

We heard them saying they were done with Shi'a and Zakzaky in this country. So, is there a law in this country that prohibits adherence to the teachings of Ahlulbayt? I think even The Constitution allows a person to even worship his own shoes if he so wishes. Therefore, people should understand that the prime target is to destroy Islam.

My plea to our brothers and sisters is to keep praying for divine vengeance over the atrocities they have committed against us. We should also pray for endurance and salvation. We should also execute our pledge of not giving in to the oppressors. Whenever we are asked to come out to march in protest, we should try to cooperate. It is through this endurance and resistance that we can achieve victory. By God's grace, this is a sign that their end is in

sight.

The good thing is the people have understood that we are the victims of oppression and there are people who have been misinformed (about the issue.) They think it was our total disregard to the law that caused us all this. Some even think it is the nemesis for those who are abusing the Sahabas. What the people especially Muslims need to know is another section of Muslims would be targeted after they've finished with us until they wiped out the Muslim community. In fact a lot of people who were not Shi'as, were also killed in Zaria, so this should be a wakeup call for people to realize the fact that our enemies are at war with Islam and Muslims.



Some of the followers of Sheikh Zakzaky protecting his house on Sunday 13/12/15

I thought I will not make it alive

By Yusuf Abubakar

When I received the news that Hussainiyya was under attack, we immediately started preparing to be at the scene. We travelled to Zaria with my friends Hafizu and Yakubu, though the latter was killed. Upon reaching Zaria, we proceeded to Sheikh Zakzaky's residence in Gyallesu because we learned that the soldiers have blocked the road leading to Hussainiyya. We reached the venue a little after sunset prayers. Then we stopped at the gate of the neighborhood at a teashop where we met some brothers. We were not more than 20 in number there.



Yusuf Abubakar

The soldiers arrived by 10:30pm, though at that time I went to ease myself. Hafiz was the first to call me on phone and before he finished talking, the soldiers have dispersed and positioned themselves near the university campus and other places. We heard the commander uttering "fire!" That was how they started shooting as we began to chant "Ya Mahdi!" As they were busy shooting us, I brought out my catapult, but as the place was very dark, I had to use my phone to light my way and look for pebbles. I was about to use it when I saw a soldier marching towards me. I then laid down trying to shoot with my catapult while the soldiers were busy shelling. I witnessed how they shot two brothers to death. It was at that point that they fired a grenade at the nearby kiosks as a result of which the place was immediately alight with the burning fire. They continued to shoot brothers sporadically at that point, because the fire was enabling us to see them, and that soldier was attempting to target me. When I realized that the fire had exposed me, I lay down and

began to crawl to a hiding place. That was how I was shot by the soldier when a stray bullet caught me. I just saw my hand bleeding. But I continued to use my catapult despite the injury.

Brothers were few at the gate because we were not more than 20. I crawled forward and shouted, "Brothers, come here please!" At that time, I went back to the street and was about to use my catapult when I realized that I could not move my hand. As I looked on, I saw blood oozing out of my hand. I was shot already! I informed one of our brothers after which I was evacuated to a house occupied by Hurras (volunteers). It was when I was taken there that I saw a lot of our brothers who had been shot. I was given first aid treatment before I was asked to tell where I hailed from. I then recognized Nazifi Alfaskawy's voice. I asked them to help me call him. When he came he told me my friend Yakubu with whom we came to Zaria was shot on his thigh.

We spent the night sleepless in that hiding place due to the persistent heavy shelling throughout the night. At dawn, around 4:00 am on Sunday, Sheikh Turi came and asked everyone to disclose his home address, and we did. The shelling continued. (My friend) Abdulbari came in and met us and we spent time discussing the situation as the heavy shelling continued to draw closer, the bullets were dropping on the house we were stationed. A brother Abdulbari walked out and returned shortly afterwards asking whether anybody had a catapult. We gave him one. Long after, we heard soldiers were very close to the leader's house. I stood up and made for the doorway. Some tried to stop me but I cautioned them not to. They were shooting at anybody at sight and the brothers were just dropping dead.

A brother named Hafizu came and held my hand. We walked out together. At that point, we had to separate because the soldiers have already overpowered members of the Islamic Movement, and most had resorted to seeking where to hide. They shot to death whoever chanted "Ya Mahdi." At that time, I was becoming sub-conscious because I lost a lot of blood. By the time they surrounded us, most of us were able to find somewhere to hide. I hid in a cranny. After sunset when it was dark, I entered a

house occupied by a sister. We were two, and we had to sleep without food, besides we were still bleeding. In the morning on Monday 14/12/15, we heard people celebrating at Zakzaky's residence. It was soldiers who allowed thugs and hooligans to enter the residence and scavenge the dead bodies. Meanwhile, the soldiers were searching houses and fishing out brothers to kill. The thugs did fish out many brothers from their hideouts and handed them over to the soldiers who shot them dead instantly.

We remained in the house as we heard their voices drawing closer to the house. We moved to flee the house. Unfortunately, the whole area was already surrounded such that if you dare come out, a soldier would shoot you, and if you climb a wall to run, the thugs catch and lynch you. My hand was throbbing with pain, and I was very hungry and thirsty. I painstakingly climbed the wall with one hand to run away, but I was attacked and pushed back by those whose wall I had tried to climb. But I managed to climb the rooftop and landed in another house. Luckily, the house was empty. I stayed in the house without food and water, making it two days in a row.

Later I found one brother who had entered to seek refuge in the house too. When everything subsided, we went back to the house where I left a sister inside to wash our bodies and change clothes, so that we could manage to escape. The danger was we had to cross the road, and they might spot us. We were fortunate to cross the road successfully without being spotted. We entered the house and washed our bodies. I was very hungry and I was still bleeding. I searched the kitchen, and luckily I found a loaf of bread. I ate and gulped down cupful of water. We remained like for some time when the brother said he would get out. So we bade farewell to each other and off he went out.

Shortly afterwards, some brothers sneaked into the house. After a while, we attempted to get out but when we peeped through the window, we saw some soldiers warming themselves with bonfires. We retreated. Unknown to us, one of the soldiers saw us. He came into the house and asked us to come out threatening to shoot whoever tried to run away. He brought us to where the

soldiers were. They ordered us to lie down saying they were going to shoot all of us; fortunately a senior officer stopped them. They however removed our clothes and kept spraying us with cold water drenching us in cold water, not minding that and it was in the morning, when the temperature was at its minimum. I can vividly remember that at that time due to cold one could not feel any of his limbs.

They kept us lying down till noon when many army vehicles carrying soldiers arrived. They were led by a senior officer; I think he was one of the top military brasses. A bulldozer soon arrived at the scene as the soldiers wrote our records. They then asked us to stand up; saying we were under arrest. We were eight in number and each one of us had wound from gunshot, some on their legs and others on their hands. They afterwards started beating us with belts and gun butts. One soldier hit me on my wound before they dumped us in front of their senior officer who asked us why we were following Sheikh Zakzaky? We answered him that it was because he was with the truth. He said it was a lie. He asked us whether it was the Sheikh who ordered us to adopt the afro hairstyle? We answered that he didn't, it was our desire. He once again disagreed with our answer. "So why do you all share the same idea?" He mocked and insulted us. One of the soldiers even taunted us, "You always shout 'Ya Mahdi'; but where is your Mahdi?"

At that point, they asked us whether there were other people hiding in the house. We were tight-lipped. Then they used the bulldozer to demolish the house during which one person was fished out. The house was very big, owned by a rich man. After that, they started demolishing our leader's residence since they had already burnt it down. They were just there to destroy the remaining parts. They forced us to watch as the house was being demolished. Prior to that they asked us whether we were Shiites and we answered in the affirmative.

After razing down the Sheikh's house around 4:00pm, they brought a military vehicle and asked us to board it. We were with two martyrs, and they said we had to put them inside the vehicle.

The vehicle was very big and tall, and we had gunshots on her hands and legs, we were still bleeding, therefore it was with much difficulty that we lifted the martyrs and put them inside the vehicle. While doing that they beat us mercilessly as we painstakingly did what they asked us to do.

By evening, a senior officer handed us a loaf of their leftover bread and water, and some health volunteers dressed in red came and dress our wounds. We climbed the vehicle after which they asked us to lie down threatening to shoot whoever made any move. They drove us to a secluded area where we stayed for a while. I stole a glance and saw that we were in Basawa Barrack. This made me to lose any hope, thinking that they were going to kill us, if not they would have taken us to the hospital. However after some time the vehicle jerk forward and after some time, it came to a standstill. We were told to come down but we could not due to our various injuries. One sturdy soldier climbed the vehicle and helped bring us down. They assembled us by a veranda. That was where I realized they had taken us to ABU Teaching Hospital Shika.

They took us inside the hospital where we were given first aid treatment. At that time, I could not even walk; I had to be supported because I lost so much blood. They gave us Maltina (energy drink) and other medications. Our brothers were allowed to come and look after us. In the morning, the senior doctors asked them to go out. Our health volunteers were allowed to access us. They asked me where I hailed from. I said I hailed from Faska, in Tudun Wada Dankade town, Kano. They said I had a brother who hailed from the town. They referred me to him and I saw that it was Usman. It was later that our senior member at home, Yahya Bargi, came to the hospital. The doctor said they would like to discharge me, but I should try to move my hand and I did. I pressed the Doctor's hand and he said I needed time to heal. He then asked me to return after six weeks, so that they can appraise my situation. I was taken to a brother's house who took me home in his car. I am now fast recovering and I hope to attain martyrdom in the near future.

I witnessed the army's attack on Hussainiyya

By Yakubu Idris Katsina

I was in Sheikh Zakzaky's residence in Gyallesu around 2:00pm on Saturday 12th December, 2015 when I was told soldiers were deployed to Hussainiyya Baqiyatullah, Zaria. I immediately left for the area. No sooner had I arrived that I saw truckloads of soldiers were being deployed to various positions, after they had finished the first round of killings there. I arrived at the scene when the Chief of Army Staff's convoy had arrived the scene and soldiers were talking with some brothers who were on that Sokoto road. They were being reminded of a similar killing they did on Quds' Day a year before.



Yakubu Idris Katsina

I heard the army's spokesperson Lt. Col. Kuka-Sheka saying they would look into the matter. He said they were not informed of the soldiers' deployment before their arrival. I didn't believe him. How is it possible that a unit of 100 fully armed soldiers would come to Hussainiyya and he would still claim to have no knowledge of the deployment? Moreover, when the soldiers came in the first place, they were asked to explain why they have come to the place, and they said their senior officers would pass by, but the senior officers are now saying they had no knowledge of their deployment.

It was in the midst of the discussion that we saw a white man coming down and raising up his hand, and the soldiers readied for shooting. A brother said: "They are going to shoot, let's go and talk to them." They warned me not to approach them when I moved to go and talk to them. As I stepped forward they warned me once

more not to get closer to them. I stepped back. Once the white man raised his hand, the soldiers responded by heavy shelling. They spent 30 minutes of uninterrupted shelling. After that the army's convoy passed.

Upon seeing the large number of people the soldiers shot, everybody was asked to enter Hussainiyya. We entered with the intent to return and evacuate our dead when the soldiers withdrew. It was then that we saw them returning, dragging and carting away the dead people into a vehicle. At the time four more vehicles carrying soldiers arrived from Kwangila area. Shortly afterwards, another four military vehicles and two Armored personnel carriers arrived from an area called. We just saw them surrounding Hussainiyya. We however remained inside the building watching them from afar.

A while after, a military convoy arrived and the soldiers were ordered to open fire indiscriminately; some brothers lay down on the floor to take cover near the Hussainiyya building. One soldier sneaked in and shot them. That was how they shot a lot of our brothers. It took them a long time shooting until it was 4:00 p.m when they abruptly stopped.

The soldiers then regrouped to reassign themselves. Having besieged the Hussainiyya, they deployed an Armored Personnel Carrier and soldiers at each of the three gates. After a relative pause, around 8:00 p.m. the indiscriminate shelling resumed. At that point, they fired a grenade which rocked the entire building. That was how the shelling continued up to midnight. The trapped brothers staying in and outside the building were just chanting "Allahu Akbar!"

A brother informed me that the soldiers might be waiting for the dawn to set in so that they could clear us altogether. The brothers stood their ground and kept chanting the words of resistance, while sisters and small children faced the east and were reciting: "Hasbunallah Wa Ni'imal wakil (We are of Allah and to Him shall we return)." I was sure none of those trapped thought he would come out alive as a result of the intense shelling and grenade attacks.

THE ATTACK INTENSIFIED AFTER THE DAWN PRAYERS (SUBHI)

When it was time for Subhi (Dawn Prayer), a brother called out for prayers and we held a congregational prayer. No sooner had we finished than the shelling resumed as if they were waiting for us to finish. The deployed Armored Personnel Carriers were firing grenades at Hussainiyya. They kept shelling until they overpowered the brothers inside. They broke into the building with the Armored Personnel Carriers. The fact that our ambulance and another car were parked at the main entrance, prevented the Armored Personnel Carrier from advancing through the gate, so it kept shelling the building instead.

It was after they had broken into the building that we realized there was nothing more we could do, because of the many people they have killed and some were so critically wounded that they could not move. That was how everybody started looking for any escape route. Some tried to enter the recently bought new building, while some found somewhere to hide inside the Hussainiyya. As for me, we just jumped the building wall and ran into a guest house where brothers used to accommodate visitors. We stayed in the guest house from Sunday to Tuesday.

It was when we had entered the building that we understood it was not a hiding place after all. We heard as they entered the building, killing and evacuating whomever they killed. You didn't need to be told that the victims were our brothers. The soldiers responded to any slight movement with fire.

HOW I ESCAPED THE SIEGE

“It was four of us who decided to leave the Hussainiyya building not minding what would happen to us on Tuesday. We wanted to climb the wall and run away when we realized the wall was a stone's throw away from their base, so we stepped back. A while after, I made up my mind to escape even if it would cost my life. I changed direction and climbed. It was when I came down that I realized I had landed in the midst of the soldiers! I was promptly arrested. It was around 10:00 a.m. I saw a very young brother with them. It was there they beat us to a pulp with sticks, gun butts and

boots. They then referred us to their senior officer. The boy could not walk so I carried him. We met two brothers there, another small boy and a youth.

As far as I was concerned, the senior officer who was of Igbo ethnic group was notorious for torturing people. I saw their objects of torture there. We were there when a person who I thought was their high ranking officer came and they went outside and held a secret talk. I did not know what they had discussed. The Igbo officer later returned and ordered that we either be killed or be taken to a barrack. They then whispered to each other, and later on snatched one of the arrested boy's phone, checked his last call and dialed it. He returned the phone to the boy.

The soldier came and asked if I had a phone and I told him I did not have. He asked if I can read out anybody's phone number to them, I said I did not memorize anybody's number. He said how could it be then if I was to be released? I said there would be no problem since I was from Katsina, I could source for transport fare to go home. He said I was supposed to have a contact number because even if they release us, we were likely to be arrested and even killed when we left. The whole area was occupied and a soldier was assigned to every position. Besides, the soldiers were not members of their platoon. Then the soldier asked us to stand up and follow him. When we reached one place, he asked me to go my own way, and warned me not to return again. That was how Allah came to my rescue.

I WANTED TO GO TO GYALLESU

I then decided to go to Gyallesu because I did not know the situation there. I had 300 naira in my pocket. I stopped to buy a pair of slippers, soap and pomade. I washed my body and rubbed the pomade. I wanted to be there so that I could source for transport fare to go home. I was on my way when I met the headmaster of the Fudiyya Secondary School on his motorcycle. He stopped and I told him how I escaped from Hussainiyya. He said Gyallesu was under siege. It was as besieged as Hussainiyya. He gave me N1000 which I used to return home.

IT WAS AN ATTEMPT TO CRUSH THE ISLAMIC

MOVEMENT

What came to my mind during the siege of Hussainiyya was they just wanted to crush the Islamic Movement so that it could not exist anymore because of the way the soldiers were deployed and the deadly weapons they used in such a large scale, as if they were engaged in a serious war. Tanks were busy firing ammunitions, soldiers were shelling and firing grenades, I told a brother in Hussainiyya that heavy bombardments were enough to confront even Russia. I am a fan of war movies and I knew how brutal the atrocities they committed against us were. You could understand by the way our trapped brothers in Hussainiyya were chanting the words of resistance. That was how they kept firing at women and children. What I understood was they were shelling so that the building could crash on the people but Allah did not will that. I even told one brother that it was then that I realized the rationale behind erecting the building with baked clay. The building would have fallen down on people had it been built with cemented blocks. It was true that they never wanted to let anybody escape alive. They really meant it. They used brutal force against armless people.

IT WAS A PLANNED ATTACK

Based on what I had witnessed, my conclusion was it was a planned attack. It had nothing to do with road blockade. When we told the army officers that some soldiers were deployed and they even opened fire on people at Hussainiyya, the army's spokesperson said he had no knowledge of the deployment. This is against the common practice. Again, if it was not preplanned, how is it that a very important person would pass by a road without security assessment? They would have found out that there would be a flag-hoisting ceremony since the programme was advertised on Tuesday. How would they just come and open fire? What was their reason for deploying state-of-the-art weapons and tanks? You don't need to be told that there was a secret plan to crush the Islamic Movement by killing our people and demolishing our buildings. They were just looking for an excuse, but their reason is flimsy because nobody would believe that blocking a convoy could justify the crimes they committed.

Let's assume, their convoy was blocked and that the crime is punishable by death, the killing should be limited to those who blocked the road only. If it was true that the convoy was blocked, what crimes did the people staying inside Hussainiyya commit? What was wrong with the building? Why did they return to the scene? What took them to Gyallesu thereafter? What crimes did women and children commit? This shows that the war crimes were preplanned.

WHAT I WITNESSED

What I witnessed had bolstered my conviction that Islamic Movement is actually on the right path; it is the path the holy prophets (of God) have followed. So the tradition is the same and it never changes. The enemies only want to eradicate God's religion and its followers. (We) the followers of the religion are always firm and steadfast because it is good to die on what you believe in. A lot of believers were killed before us. How many prophets were killed? The path of Allah never changes and never will it. I was surprised by how the brothers stood firm, and they showed they were ready to die for what they believed in. The courage brothers have displayed will not be matched even by the soldiers as they verbally told us.



A victim of soldier's bullet taken to safety on Sunday 13/12/15

The Killings at Sheikh Zakzaky's residence

By Nazifi Alfaskawy

I was at home on Saturday when a brother phoned to inform me that soldiers have started shooting people at the Hussainiyya. I packed up my luggage and bade farewell to my family, telling them my destiny would be determined by Allah. As soon as I reached Zaria, I went to Fudiyya School, Dan Magaji because I was told soldiers have blocked the road leading to Hussainiyya. Upon our arrival (at Fudiyya School) we dropped our luggage and headed to Gyallesu where Sheikh Zakzaky was residing.



Nazifi Alfaskawy

It was time for Magrib prayer, so we entered Sheikh Zakzaky's residence to say the Magrib and Isha'i prayers which were led by the Sheikh himself. Having finished the prayers, we came out to the gate by the road leading to Sheikh Zakzaky's house together with Shafi'u Kazaure, Abdulbari Faska and many other brothers. The Brothers at the Sheikh's residence could be up to a thousand or more. We were waiting for the eventuality to happen since the soldiers had been busy shelling our brothers at the Hussainiyya.

We went to the main gate leading to Zakzaky's residence where we stopped at a teashop and took some cups and later returned to the Sheikh's residence. No sooner had we sat than the soldiers were said to have arrived. The entire brothers headed to the main gate. At that time, the soldiers had already started shooting

indiscriminately as we were chanting “Ya Mahdi!” They kept shooting brothers as our fallen martyrs were being recorded. I was at the time going in between brothers who stood their ground throwing stones while the soldiers were responding with bullets, bombs and grenades.

Initially, they fired a grenade at a kiosk which caught fire and lit up our brothers' positions. I assisted them by throwing stones and helped in evacuating the martyrs who were being taken to the house mainly used by our volunteers. The house had become a beehive of activities for the medics. The numbers of the martyrs were being recorded. As we carried a martyr, I heard somebody calling my name “Nazifi! Nazifi” I went to discover that it was my younger brother, Yakubu Hussain Faska. He was shot on his thigh! He was given first aid already. We were talking when another wounded person was brought who also called my name “Alfaskawy!” I then realized it was my nephew, Yusuf Abubakar Faska. He too was shot on his shoulder. I was there when martyrs and wounded people were being brought in until the house was filled to capacity. Every non-essential volunteer was ordered to leave the house.

We then walked back to the frontline where we kept chanting Allahu Akbar, some were praying, some were throwing stones and some were evacuating the martyrs. The soldiers on the other hand continued with the heavy shelling until it was dawn. The soldiers retreated around 4:00 a.m. It was at that time the likes of Sheikh Turi arrived. We formed a queue to enter the Sheikh's house when it was said it was needless to cram into the house. Sheikh Turi and his entourage entered. The shelling resumed a little after that, we urgently said our prayers and went back. Our brothers especially the youths deserved commendation because they were at the forefront of the standoff trying to prevent the soldiers from advancing. They stayed like this from 10:00 p.m. till the early morning. Sisters also deserved credit because they remained in the area throughout the night.

Sometimes in the night, the sisters side-stepped the brothers and confronted the soldiers chanting Allahu Akbar. The

women were all shot to death in the twinkling of an eye. The shelling continued. We carried one brother who was shot with a grenade to the extent that his stomach was shattered. There was an escort to Sheikh Zakzaky who was shot on the forehead which scattered his brain. He was martyred on the spot.

The brothers had been weakened because the shelling lasted throughout the night, and many were hungry and thirsty. It was in the midst of the confusion that the soldiers sent reinforcement with deadlier weapons. The shelling was so intense that buildings rocked as a result. It was at that point that the soldiers broke through the barricade and advanced to the main transformer close to Sheikh Zakzaky's residence before Sheikh Kasim Sokoto led brothers to resist the advance. Sheikh Turi, Sheikh Mukhtar Sahabi and Sheikh Alkanawy also did the same.

Despite motivating brothers to stand their grounds, the heavy shelling as well as the indiscriminate shooting had thrown the area into confusion. They failed to advance through until they used tanks. By the time they broke into Sheikh Zakzaky's residence, they killed so many people that the martyrs were just too many to be evacuated. It was at that time they shot Malam Turi, and it was at that point I became powerless to do anything else, and the rumor was rife that our leader was not in the house he has been evacuated.

I watched as our people were dropping dead. We lay flat as I saw a brother escaping fire and luckily he managed to escape the shooting before a sniper's bullet tragically caught him and he dropped dead. I had to step back and went through Sheikh Maina's residence. Bullets were just flying like fireworks because they had already reached the Sheikh's house. They even set the house on fire by firing a grenade. One brother suggested that we sneak through a corridor behind the army barrack. We did as he suggested. We escaped expecting two things: it would be over if they arrested us or we would end up escaping the siege.

We asked a number of people for guidance since we were not used to the area. Some told us the path would lead us away from the scene, but we ought to be careful because we were very close to

the barrack, and the whole area was under siege. I said we would move ahead, if we are killed, that is our destiny. We were escaping with one brother who was shot on the head, and his head was bleeding so much that he fell in front of a house. The women were so distraught by the shootings that they came out from their houses. One of the women burst into tears saying: "If my husband were around, I would have sheltered this man. The soldiers were hiding in the dark swamp nearby and once you move ahead, they will shoot you at sight!" we were told. Another woman came and sheltered him in her house. The woman also gave white cloths to a brother, asked him to replace the black ones so that we could escape safely.

We dispersed as we approached the main road the soldiers had sealed. I followed through a tiny passage way. I stumbled across some men whom I asked to show me a way-out. One man showed me one way, and another young stopped me, "Oh no brother! Why are you behaving inhumanely as if you are not a Muslim? This path will directly lead him to the army barrack!" He then showed me a different way-out. I suffered a lot of verbal slurs from people as I was trying to escape. Some were openly abusing me and my plight while some were sympathetic. After a lot of detours, I finally made it to the main road. Some good Samaritans stopped me and asked to know where I was heading to. I said I was going to Dangora town. They stopped another brother and he told them he was travelling to Kaduna. They said we should not go that way because soldiers were all over the place. They would arrest us once they saw us. They provided each of us with a commercial motorcycle. I was transported to a bus station, where I took a bus to Dangora Junction from where a taxi brought me home.

As for my nephew, Martyr Yakubu Hussaini Faska, I never heard from him since I left the house where he was treated of gunshots. It was said that every occupant of the house was killed. When we returned home and briefed his father about the situation, the father said his son had paid an ultimate sacrifice and attained martyrdom. His elder brother's wife had a dream that a radiant figure was coming down and finally descended on our house. She

saw Yakubu coming out of the light and exclaimed 'Yakubu! I was told you were shot.' He said it was true. She then said but it was surprising that you are as agile as nothing ever happened to you. He said, 'yes I was shot but I am now fully cured.' She then said; 'but it was said you were killed!' He said: 'Yes, but I am now at peace and wallowing in the ocean of happiness.' He turned back and was about to leave when she asked him about where he was heading. He just smiled and waved farewell to her. It was at that point that her husband returned from mosque and woke her up!"

This was my story about what I witnessed during the Zaria massacre.



A victim of soldier's bullet taken to safety on Sunday 13/12/15

Girl, 5, killed by a Soldier

By Aliyu Muhammad Gummi

I am 36 years old, married and blessed with two children. I'm an NCE certificate holder and a trader around PZ neighborhood in Zaria. I witnessed how the massacre unfolded on 12th December, 2015. It was around 12:00 p.m, after I had returned from a village that I decided to go to Tudun Wada area, though my shop was located around PZ outlet. It was there in Tudun Wada that some brothers told me about what was happening at Hussainiyya. Soldiers had been deployed. I asked for food but I was told there was no need for that, I should just go straight to Hussainiyya.



I headed to Hussainiyya riding my motorcycle. Right from PZ I began to see the soldiers in battle gear. I mingled with brothers who were busy talking to the soldiers while on the other hand onlookers folded their arms watching as the standoff unfolded. I watched the Hussainiyya gates being occupied by volunteers. I parked my motorcycle. It was at that point that I saw some brothers surrounding a senior army officer who was talking to them in Hausa. As a matter of fact, I did not hear what he was saying because he finished before I reached the scene. I was also informed that the soldiers had opened fire and killed some brothers before then.

You know the whole issue is about belief. Some are more determined than others. I was present when some brothers lay on the road saying the soldiers' vehicles could not get to Hussainiyya

unless they would run over them. I was behind watching everything. I was told that the soldiers were videotaping the scene with a camera. It was then that I noticed there was a conspiracy. I had a premonition that they would open fire.

It was part of the military deceptive tactics to record a scene so that it could tell the world its own version of the story to justify its reason for opening fire. It was shortly after the soldier had left that we heard nonstop gunshots! Sheikh Zakzaky's sons, Sayyid Ali and Sayyid Humaid were present. So we evacuated them in order to avoid the repetition of the Quds Day killings, where the first 3 children of the Sheikh were killed by soldiers.

They were taken away and I stayed on the road. The gunshots continued which forced us to lie down. We lay flat as they spent over 30 minutes shooting indiscriminately. Sounds of different calibers of weapons could be heard. It soon came to our notice that the soldiers had invaded the polo pitch and they were close to Hussainiyya. It was now clear that the soldiers were there not because their convoy was blocked. Sadly, the brothers who lay down on the road to prevent the soldiers from reaching Hussainiyya were shot dead one after the other irrespective of their gender. I was staying where some petty traders used to sell their wares at Hussainiyya and it was their makeshift pavilion that prevented their soldiers from spotting me, as I was watching the atrocities they were committing. Once a person was taken down by a gunshot, the soldiers would hurriedly come and shoot him on the head or chest. I witnessed how a young sister, Fatima, the daughter of Alhaji Uncle, was shot to death. The father rushed to save her, but he too was shot down by the soldiers. That was how they killed a large number of people.

I watched how the army's vehicles were being deployed. Some vehicles tried to avoid running over the dead people, while some brutally ran over our dead brothers scattered on the road. It was after that the soldiers spotted me from afar. They came after me. I ran into the railway station as the soldiers shot at me. I stumbled and fell. I was trying to get up when a bullet got me by my shoulder. I fell down again, but luckily I was able to get back up. I managed to enter the railway station, and even then the soldiers were still

coming after me. I was sure they were after my life, but luckily I managed to disappear from their radar.

Unknown to me, there were some brothers hiding in the station. They assisted me. My white shirt was smeared with blood and it was virtually impossible to transfer me into the town for medical attention. They took me out of the station and detoured inside the city using a commercial bike. I was fast bleeding, so I was taken by a tricycle bike (Keke-Napep) before we endured different detours to reach another neighborhood of the city.

It was after I was brought to the city that I pleaded with the volunteers to take me to Gyallesu because I was more concerned about the leader's residence than my health. I was pretty sure the soldiers would go to the Sheikh's house. The Sheikh had told us in advance that the soldiers might launch attacks even before the Arba'een Symbolic Trek. So I was very concerned about the Sheikh's residence. They turned down my plea, saying they would take me to the members of our Health team instead. I had no option but to give in to their plan. I was taken to them, and there was only one medic left. He immediately gave me first aid treatment.

I was responding to the treatment when I was told by the medics that I should not be left alone in the medical centre since we were not much. We were transferred to Dankali residential area where we were sheltered in a brother's house. We spent the night there. I returned to the centre in the morning where I received news about the situation in Gyallesu. I was shot on Saturday in the afternoon but I couldn't get any surgery till Thursday. Besides, I did not take a single drug prescription. Some brothers then suggested that I should be injected with anti-tetanus injection so that if I went home I could receive necessary medical attention since there were no longer medics to attend to me. Despite the suggestion, I was somehow unable to do anything for my health. Then all of a sudden received pathetic news that soldiers had been searching houses to fish out brothers and kill. The brother demanded I leave Zaria for another town in order to get medical attention. They gave me money that I used to travel to Gusau.

On my way to Gusau, I came across a number of military

checkpoints. I saw soldiers shooting our brothers at a checkpoint in Randar Kano area. I saw military checkpoints in Giwa town, Marabar Yakawada and the Tsafe outskirts. They even deployed a tank at one checkpoint. At least I reached Gusau where I immediately looked for a senior member of the Islamic Movement and he referred me to the person representing the Islamic Movement in Gusau who made sure I underwent surgery. This was how I escaped the massacre. May Allah continue to protect our leader as well as brothers who are being illegally detained! May they regain their freedom soon and may our martyrs continue to rest in peace. Ameen.



A victim of soldier's bullet taken to safety on Sunday 13/12/15

I offered first aid amidst bullets rain

By Muhammad Sani Bako

We were inside the leader's house when the critically injured persons were being brought in. I would be busy attending a wounded person when a more critically wounded person would be brought in again. That was how I kept oscillating between the wounded. I had to abandon some with lesser injuries and attend to those who had sustained more serious injuries. We were receiving



Muhammad Sani Bako

more dead bodies than wounded persons. In fact we did not sleep throughout Sunday night (13/12/15). It came to the point that there was no space to accommodate dead bodies in the leader's house. The house was filled to the brim with martyrs.

It was in the midst of this tragedy that one young brother was being taken to the house with gunshots but the shelling made it impossible to bring him in. A medic then ordered that I go out to stop the bleeding from the brother. It was in the midst of the shelling that I went out crawling to the brother who was writhing in pain. I gave him the first aid treatment and halted the bleeding. I turned back only to see the soldiers at the Sheikh's house, which meant they had overpowered everybody.

Upon seeing that, I crawled into a culvert. I kept dragging myself until I jumped into a bigger culvert. The creaking sounds of the shelling intensified. I had a feeling that our wounded brothers might not survive. I covered a long distance inside the culvert until I reached a large body of water. I came across a garden with people working inside. They told me the path would not lead to safety. I

paid no heed to them. I went on walking. It did not take long when I came to a dam with canoes being used to ferry people across. I paid them to take me to a village Dakace. When we reached there I found a tree and reclined to rest on its shade. It was then that I realized I hadn't eaten since the day before. The hunger started haunting me immediately. That was on Monday 14/12/15.

I then started thinking of the people staying inside the Sheikh's residence wondering what has befallen them. I just busted into tears over their fate. I cried over the fate of Sheikh Zakzaky and the uncertainty about his situation. All of a sudden my phone rang! It was my fellow medic Abdulrahman Baban Jawad. I told him where I fled to, and he told me his position. I finally met him; from there we drove to Suleja in our car. The car would have had an accident if it had not been for Allah's protection. Abdurahman was overpowered by sleep while driving. We had been hungry, tired and sleepless for days. This is our story.



A victim of soldier's bullet taken to safety on Sunday 13/12/15

How the military arrested me at Hussainiyya Islamic Centre

By Hawwa'u Salisu

I am the wife of Abdulkadir Minna, one of the escorts to Sheikh Zakzaky. On that fateful day, I went to Hussainiyya around 3:00 pm. The driver told us the road was blocked. I vowed to get to Hussainiyya since I had already come close. I found them shooting while the people were scampering for their lives. We entered the surrounding through



Hawwa'u Salisu

a back passageway since their vehicles have already blocked the entrance to the building from the main gate. I entered Zainab's house which was close to the Hussainiyya. I found a lot of sisters inside and others that were forced to flee Hussainiyya when shots were fired at the building. We made up our mind to come out, but we had to step back when we saw soldiers from afar targeting everywhere. The shooting subsided before the sunset. As the night set in, some brothers said their prayers and were about to lie down, thinking the shootings were over when we heard a huge explosion. Unknown to us, it was a grenade they fired. The shelling resumed. A brother staying inside the Hussainiyya phoned to inform us they were encircled, and the soldiers were shelling them indiscriminately. In fact we were sleepless for the whole day.

A huge explosion was heard which was very frightening. A far more powerful explosion ensued. The third explosion was so powerful that it shook the building we were staying in. The children among us screamed and we had to storm out. The fact that the house was not on the road prevented them from coming after us because

they couldn't use the vehicles but they could spot us from afar. We stayed like that throughout the night chanting Takbir and calling out “Ya Mahdi!”

There was a lull in the shelling when the dawn set in. We were under the impression that they would retreat in the morning, unknown to us, they were gearing up for the final assault on Sunday 13/12/15. The heavy shelling resumed. And they advance towards the house we sought refuge. They were shooting sporadically at us. I just woke up to find myself among the soldiers not knowing how miraculous it was that the shelling did not get me. There was no way I could run.

They asked us to kneel down after they had encircled us. They continued to shoot at those trying to flee. They shot some people to death while others were seriously injured. They returned to us and asked us to get up. They then brought us out on the road leading to Hussainiyya where they verbally insulted us and spewed out insults against our leader. Soldiers came once a while to beat us with gun butts, helmet and kicked us with boots especially when they were enraged.

They ordered that we lie down which we refused because we were carrying babies on our backs. When a person lay down, they immediately tied his hands behind his back. There was a girl called Ummi who the soldiers beat and dragged her. She said they should have killed her since she was there in search of martyrdom. They laughed at her. They tied Ummi along with two other sisters. It was now over to us, the two who refused to lie down on the ground that we were carrying two babies. One enraged soldier came fuming and shouting at us. He slapped me and I slapped him back. That irked him even more. He beat me again and I slapped him in kind. Another soldier came carrying a helmet and hit me on the head, and I slapped him in kind. When they realized I was fighting back, they encircled me, some were beating me guns, some kicking me with boots. I fell down and the girl on my back burst into tears because one punch I evaded fell on her. One senior officer shouted at them to stop. I was unaware that they wounded me as well as my three months-old baby. We had to refer the baby to the hospital when we returned home. When they were beating us, I never noticed that they

wounded me so much like that.

They asked us to remove our hijabs which I refused asking them why they were still keeping us alive. "You have killed our brothers but you are keeping us instead. Why are you keeping us?" I shouted! They said they would not kill us. I pleaded with one soldier, if they were going to kill us, they should not spare our babies also. The soldier was now speaking in a soft tone as though he was coaxing us said: "We are not going to kill you."

One soldier came taunting us, "The Sheikh is there enjoying his life but he has left you suffering. You need to return to the right path. Shi'a is a deviation." We replied to him praying that they be guided one day. They were speechless. One soldier asked to know my name. I refused asking of his name first. He said his name was Ahmad. "You see," I said. "Your name indicates you are a Muslim. You are sent to kill and abuse your fellow Muslims which a non-Muslim will never kill his people like this. It is sad that you and other Muslims are complicit in our killings. There will be the Day of Judgment when you will account for your actions especially what you have committed against us." They were so touched by my speech that they paused for a while. One soldier came and apologized for beating me. I said he should not worry because I beat him back. He said he was sincerely sorry for his action because he was carried away by sentiment. I admonished him not to fall prey to his heart desire because it would not do him any good.

In spite of what was happening between us, the soldiers were still shelling Hussainiyya. The soldiers then started announcing that whoever was staying in the building should come out. I watched as some brothers came out rising up their hands and they were brought to the tarmac. I watched how they tied their hands from behind. I watched in horror as they all opened fire on them. They killed some and wounded some more. That was how they crammed us all in one military vehicle. Some were bleeding from the gunshots, some crying because heaps of dead people were dumped over them in the vehicle. It was one soldier who felt remorse about the atrocities and lifted them out from the dead bodies.

They took us directly to the barrack where I realized I was wounded because I could not drop down on my feet; somebody had

to help me come down. Some senior army officers also insulted us, uttering abusive words against Shi'a and our leader. It was then I noticed sectarian undertone in the way they had been treating us. What was the army's case with sectarian issues when it claimed to be a secular institution? They parked us and dumped us inside one building where I met our brothers and sisters who were brought before us.

They later on stuffed us into a swimming pool, threatening to burn us with hot water. They did not do that when they realized we were not perturbed. We saw some sisters being forced to be without any head cover, and hijabs. They searched our bodies and then forced us into another building where they continued to abuse us. They recorded our names, counted us and later on separated us. They also separated women who had babies from the rest of the women. We never thought they would not kill us because of what they had done to us. None of us thought they would discharge us. If they took some brothers and transferred them to another cell, they would act as if they had shot them to death, making all of us believed they would end up killing us. They did all they could to frighten us. The other women were taken to Kaduna while we, who had babies, were taken to another room within the barrack. We remained there for three days. They fed us only once in a day. We were too concerned about the news we received that they demolished our leader's house and his arrest to worry about food.

I was so tortured by the soldiers that a person who knew me would hardly recognize me. My face had swollen and I could not walk without help. I spent days in such suffering until with Allah's help I endured the pain to pray by myself. We were there when a soldier came in to apologize, saying it was the KSA that sponsored the massacre. He complained he was powerless to change anything. When he left, some soldiers came in taunting us that if we were in the right path why was it that the world is not worried of our despicable situation.

Three days after, that was one Wednesday, they drove us to the police station where they counted and verified our numbers. We were 99 in number before Zainab who was arrested in Sheikh Zakzaky's house was brought in. She was separated from us and

kept in a solitary confinement in order just to make her life miserable. On the day we would be released, she was blindfolded which we protested. Her younger sister, Batoola stood up to confront the officers. They then assured us that they would not kill her. We were clear to them that we would not put up with the way our fellow women would be maltreated. We left her at the barrack.

When we were about to leave the barrack, the soldiers brought two brothers they had arrested in Gyallesu. They suffered gunshots and burnings all over their bodies. They were left without food and medical attention. They came and warned us not to come out, not knowing they were going to torture them. They tortured them for hours until one officer stopped them. Two brothers succumbed to the injuries they had sustained. I could see a small boy among them being tied from behind. The soldiers would lift him and throw him down. They did that almost three times. They took them to Shika Teaching Hospital in the morning, some hours before they also took us to the police station.

At the police station, they resorted to kill us after they had counted us. A senior police officer entered and said: "You have all witnessed what's happened to you. So if you can renounce Shi'a and return to the right path, it will be better for you because Shi'a is a deviation and it has nothing to do with Islam. We have discovered that you were even worshipping idols. We have pictures as evidence. We just ignored him as he was speaking gibberish because he had no idea about what we believed in. He was misled about our belief. It was after that he said one of our brothers would come to fetch us. I was taken to Samaru after which I returned home to Katsina.

I have no information about my husband Malam Abdulkadir. I talked to him repeatedly on Saturday when the massacre was taking place. I was telling him the situation in Hussainiyya. When they arrested us on Sunday, he phoned me three times, but they did not allow me to pick the call. They seized our phones. By the time they took us to the barrack, they had confiscated even our rings. They returned the rings and necklaces but they never returned the phones. My husband called again when they transferred us. They told him we had been killed, so he should come and get my body. He

then called home to tell them I was martyred. He also called his hometown to inform them of the development.

After we regained our freedom, a brother told me his last call with Abdulkadir was that he was asking him to include him in prayers because only two of them were left alongside Sheikh Zakzaky and his family members. He was telling him when the soldiers were about to enter the house, all of a sudden an explosion was heard. His phone never responded again since then.

The massacre has only emboldened our faith. It is no longer new that our small children are not afraid to die for what they believe in. When we were dropped in Samaru, I met with some young sisters who confided in me that they were feeling as if they had just started the movement. The massacre only served to remind them they were on the right path. Thank God, we have all grown up in the Movement, we don't know anything else. Therefore, the atrocities they have committed against us have only strengthened our belief. What happened to our Sheikh is an indication that he is a true man of God, a disciple of Imam Hussain (AS.) The prophet (SAWA) was injured during the Uhud Battle so much that blood enveloped his face, and now Sheikh Zakzaky was attacked and blood was all over his face. In fact, the Sheikh suffered almost the same afflictions as did the Prophet and his pure progeny. We have really understood that this way is the only path to salvation. We have now realized that Sheikh Zakzaky is the last man standing who is worth emulating in this country.

So we should not be scared of any massacre anymore. We should strive to achieve hold on to what we stand for. It is during this kind of affliction that a person's faith is tested by the way he stands firm. So everybody should cleanse his soul and make amends to his deeds so that he can get close to God just like our leader used to remind us all the time.

It is actually traumatizing because the massacre was so frightening to say the least. We thought it wouldn't be such disastrous. I have one small boy who was with me during the massacre. He criticized some brothers who ran away, but when he came under heavy fire, I did not know when he too ran away. When we met at the barrack, I asked him why he ran away. He said it was

too much for him to bear.

Actually, they wanted to entirely wipe us out. They never wanted to leave anybody alive. The fact that we never mean to harm anybody, their evil plot failed to materialize. That was obvious especially if you looked at the kind of deadly weapons they deployed to massacre us. No amount of excuse would justify using these weapons against unarmed civilians.



How soldiers shot me on my shoulder

By Fatima Halilu

I was a 17 years-old girl, a secondary school student in her final year, when I was shot in Gyallesu, Zaria on 12/12/15. I was shot twice: One on the foot and the other on my shoulder. They also wanted to shoot me on my head. You can see the scars on my body. It was soldiers who shot me and took me to their barrack located in Basawa.

It was my mother who called to know my whereabouts on that day. I told her I was at home. She then asked me to, as a matter of urgency, go to the Sheikh's house because it was under attack and soldiers had been busy killing our people. Off we went along with my friend, Momi. No sooner had we arrived at the area than we saw soldiers shooting everybody at sight. We went straight to a house used by our brothers for cooking. We immediately engaged ourselves in the kitchen. Having finished cooking, we then started sharing the food, but the gunshots sounds continued to come closer. One brother declared that the soldiers were inches closer to the Sheikh's house. That forced everybody to get up and make for the door. We too did not waste time going out. We encountered our brothers on the ground taking cover. We tried to motivate them but the soldiers were drawing closer. That made us thinking of coming out to confront them, maybe when they would not shoot us if they noticed it was women. We knew no matter how ruthless soldiers were, they hardly targeted women, but no sooner had we stepped out than they shot sisters to death, one on her chest and the other on the head. We evacuated them and brought them to the house occupied by brothers. Seconds after I stepped out, I was shot on my shoulder. I fell down and dragged my body back. I saw another brother in distress. He was bleeding. I managed to reach him and assisted him as much as I can until when some sisters arrived and took me. It was at that point that a bullet shattered my leg.

I was being taken back to the house when soldiers spotted us

and told us to surrender, after which they arrested us. They immediately started searching sisters and stripping them of their hijabs. They tied our hands from behind and threw us into their vehicle which drove us to their barrack located in Basawa. They threw us into a dark room in the barrack and locked us up. I saw women and men crammed in one room. One brother suggested the sisters should stay behind the brothers, at least to give them a cover. We were without hijabs and some sisters' clothes were torn off, so our bodies were exposed. The fact that some sisters were blood relatives to others relieved our apprehension. Some brothers removed their clothes and gave them to sisters to shield them from cold. The soldiers did not even bother to give us medical attention let alone think of removing bullet from our bodies. As for food, it was only in the morning that they gave us biscuits and lemon drinks. Afterwards they gave us rice and water.

It was later that the soldiers came and asked women to come out. They then changed our room, gave us water and recorded our names. It was after that they took us to the police station in Kaduna. The police discharged us days after and apologized for the crimes committed against us. The police did not abuse us, but we did not know if they did to others. But they lashed out at us to some extent. I heard one soldier saying: "It is a shame that we were sent to kill women and children. As you can see all of them are not up to 20 years. This is a crime; this is not a war we should fight. We were fooled into believing that we were going to fight notoriously armed people." I am sure I can recognize the soldier because he and another soldier visited us often and brought what we needed and they really sympathized with us so much.

Three military trucks evacuated corpses at Sheikh Zakzaky's house

By Musa Muhammad Waki'a

On Saturday 12th December, 2015, on my way to Nasarawa I received news of the situation in Zaria. We stopped and turned back to Zaria. We arrived Zaria at the night and went directly to Gyallesu. But all the roads leading to the area were blocked. Luckily, we managed to sneak into the area via the swamp at the area when the soldiers were about to reach the last gate to the Sheikh's house.



On Sunday we kept Musa Muhammad Waki'a on trying to push them back by throwing stones while the soldiers fired back with shelling until they advanced to the Sheikh's residence. They killed a large numbers of people and there were only handful of us left. We stayed inside the house while the soldiers were outside. We decided to come out and confront them one by one. The soldiers shot whoever dared to come out until he could move no more. When I came out chanting Allahu Akbar, they shot me but I did not fall until I came close to them. It was when they shot my thigh that I fell down. They opened fire on me when I fell down but the bullets didn't pierce through my delicate parts of the body. A stray bullet touched my head and my head began to bleed profusely. The soldiers then pounced on me with beating until they were sure I was lifeless.

That was how they virtually shot everybody staying in the house. They then resorted to evacuating the dead bodies and those who were still alive. They then invited thugs to come and join them in scavenging the dead bodies and doing away with their personal belongings. It was the morning's misty dew that brought me back to life. When the soldiers came to understand that I was still alive they had not yet arrested our leader.

They brought three large military trucks and they filled them to the brim with dead bodies at the residence of the Sheikh. I was an eye witness to that. They used a loudspeaker asking for the whereabouts of the Sheikh. They sprayed petrol on the house and set it on fire. The fire engulfed the house while there were women and small children in the house. You could only hear people including women and small children screaming and burning in the fire, and the soldiers were unperturbed. One of the soldiers said: "You will die to meet another round of tortures in hell." The blazing fire was so hot that I could feel it while I was lying near a culvert. They used a bulldozer to smash through the Sheikh's house which enabled them to rain bullets into the house indiscriminately. They finally arrested the Sheikh after shooting him several times. They taunted him, saying it was the beginning of his end. I was lying as they dragged Sheikh Zakzaky's wife into the vehicle. They also arrested children and some women. One soldier declared that they had killed Sheikh Zakzaky. The soldiers cut electric supply to the house, climbed over the building and threw explosives into the house thereby bombing nearly every part of the house.

Those of us who were lucky to be alive were taken to the army barrack and tortured. They rigorously insulted us adding further salt to the injuries. They tied us tightly and threw us into an underground dungeon before they later transferred us to a more spacious room in which we met over a hundred brothers and sisters. The soldiers picked us and dumped us at the ABU Teaching Hospital Shika after afflicting us with various forms of tortures.

I survived four days with gunshot wounds and without Food

By Aliyu Ya'u

I was one of the victims of gunshots in Gyallesu, Zaria. We were staying at Fudiyya School when Alhaji Habibu, one of the senior members of the Islamic Movement from Kano asked every volunteer to head to Hussainiyya because soldiers had been shelling the building since morning on Saturday 12/12/15. Upon hearing the news we immediately took a bus to Zaria. No sooner had we reached Zaria than we learned the soldiers had blocked major roads to the city. We detoured via Danmagaji area to get to Gyallesu.

When it was time for Mahgrib Prayers, we were assigned to different positions. We stayed at the main gate till 10:00 p.m. The soldiers arrived at the scene and opened fire indiscriminately. We tried to prevent the soldiers from breaking through the gate by chanting Allahu Akbar (God is great) until it was dawn. After the dawn prayers on Sunday, the shelling resumed until the soldiers got to the Sheikh's house. They stepped up firing at us to the extent that the brothers were falling like rain. They killed a large number of brothers in front of Sheikh Zakzaky's house, killing anybody who ventured to come out and face them. That was how we held on while they were still shooting.

Some sisters were trying to encourage us not to run because the soldiers were inches closer to the Sheikh's house. A sister was shot down when she made an attempt to come out. We climbed over one house. In the night on Sunday I barged into another house, looking for a way to escape, unknown to me, the soldiers were all over the place. I was shot by a soldier standing not far from where I was. I fell down. Another soldier shot me from behind. I thought the bullet only scratched me. It was when I began to bleed profusely that I noticed that I was shot badly.

I courageously climbed over another house, removed my

cloth and tied the wound. I stayed in the house without food or water and I was bleeding. When it was dark I continued to trespass into people's houses until I came into one house. To my surprise, the house was a stone's throw from the army's de facto base. A soldier saw me enter the house, so they came after me. I hid inside the ceiling. The soldiers who came after me, left when they failed to trace my hiding place. To my surprise, I found two other brothers in the house. So we continued to hide for three more days without food or water. It was on the fourth day, that's on Wednesday, the occupants of the house returned. They asked us to either come out or they would send for the soldiers to come and kill us. One brother came down and ran away. The ceiling collapsed and the house occupants realized we were hiding in the ceiling and they tipped off the soldiers who came and arrested us. They began to beat us. They asked the other brother whether he was staying in the town. He told them he was a student. The soldiers removed his cloth, asked him to lie down and then shot him to death. They said we could count ourselves lucky because they would not kill us. It was after that one of the elders living in the area came and hailed the soldiers for their good job. They asked us where we hailed from. My brother said he was from Yakasai, Kano. They handed us over to the elderly residents who after sometime released us.

At that time my leg had swollen so much that I could barely move. Someone asked me of my destination. I said Anchau. He referred me to a bus station where I could meet with some brothers. I finally met the brothers who told me of a person who arrived a day before. When we met, I immediately realized it was the same brother who had earlier dropped from the ceiling we were hiding. After I settled, I told them I was a resident of Tudun Wada and I gave them Malam Zubairu's contact. He came and brought me home. This is my account of what happened to me. My hope is may the gunshots I sustained be the key to my martyrdom someday.

Military Commander: Set them on fire!

By Usman Hafiz

I live in Tudun Wada Dankade, Kano. I was at an Islamic centre teaching the children when news of the situation in Zaria reached us on Saturday 12/12/15. I halted the lesson and told my colleague that I was heading to Zaria. He said he would have gone with me if he had the money. I then offered to sell my phone since it was a brand new one. That was what we exactly did. I sold the phone and sent the SIM to my wife, telling her I was going to Zaria. Off we went to Kwana, a last major junction to Zaria. My colleague, Malam Rabi'u was fasting, so I gave him some money to buy food.

Upon reaching Zaria, we discovered that the soldiers had blocked access to Hussainiyya. So we tried other foot paths to reach Gyallesu instead. Just as we arrived Gyallesu, we were assigned to some tasks after which the soldiers came shooting indiscriminately while we were chanting Allahu akbar (God is Great). Martyrs and those who sustained various degrees of injuries were being evacuated till the early morning.

After saying the Subhi prayer on Sunday, the soldiers resumed the shelling. It was at that point that I was shot in the lower abdomen. I was taken to Sheikh Maina's residence where a lot of martyrs and wounded people were sheltered. I stayed there while the soldiers stepped up the shelling until they came to the Sheikh's house. That was where they massacred hundreds of brothers and sisters, after which they stormed into the Sheikh's house and virtually killed every person staying in the house. They then set fire on a section of the house and then returned to Sheikh Maina's house where we were staying.

Their commander said: "Is it impossible to kill them all? I beg, set them on fire!" The soldiers climbed over the rooftop, poured petrol. Some people in the house were already martyred while some were critically injured. I heard as the commander

ordering them to set fire to the building. That was how the fire was ignited. They shot at whoever regained his consciousness to escape the smoke. They fired eight shots at my direction but only one bullet got me. I feigned death to the extent that I endured the fire even though it burnt me.

There was a brother whose body was on fire but he was able to speak to his family, telling them on phone that they were being burnt alive. He was talking to them until he was burnt beyond recognition. He died on the supine position, his face covering the phone. The family kept calling the phone not knowing he had already been martyred. Whenever the fire was on the verge of catching me, it died down. That was how I spent the night lying among the dead. The soldiers fanned the flames by pouring more petrol on the dead. It was a miracle that the fire did not touch me. Most of the dead people in the house were burnt to cinder.

When the soldiers stepped back, I painstakingly managed to get up, removed my t-shirt that was soaked in blood and replaced it with the one probably worn by one of the martyrs. I thought I was the sole survivor, but I later on realized that we were up to seven. There were a large number of people but they all killed them! There was one brother who was still alive. He was close to the house gate, so he could see the soldier's movement. So, he used his hand to tell me what to do until the soldiers left. We were too exhausted to flee. So we stayed until the soldiers returned to evacuate the dead people. The soldiers spotted me! One soldier suggested that I be shot dead while the other soldiers said I should be spared. They brought us out, beating and abusing us. They took us to Sheikh Zakzaky's house and kept us there for almost three hours. They quizzed us for information. One senior army officer said it was he who single handedly arrested Sheikh Zakzaky after he was shot with six other brothers and sisters in one room; that happened on Monday. They gave water to drink. After that they took us away.

The soldier who was with us in the vehicle, sympathized with us, advising us not to lose hope in life. He attended to us whenever we sought assistance especially by brothers who suffered fracture, until we reached Basawa Barrack. It was when we were about to disembark from the vehicle that he told us we had to bear

the condition because the place was not a hospital, they were just going to torture us. "I am a brother like you but there is nothing I can do to help you," he said, sadly. The soldiers then started beating us with belts and gun butts and kicking the areas we suffered gunshots with boots. They even taunted us that the tortures would end our lives at home or in the hospital. They then threw us into a swimming pool and it was extremely cold compounded by hunger. After that the soldiers dumped us in one spacious room and continued to torture us.

After that they took us to the hospital. I was unconscious at the time. They dumped us here in the hospital. They brought malt drinks and milk before the doctors examined us. It was in the house that I met a boy who was in the same room with Sheikh Zakzaky at the time of the attack. He told me he was inside the house when the soldiers arrived the house shooting. "It was there that I saw the Sheikh staying in one room. He asked me to join him. We remained in the room as the shelling and grenade fires intensified until the room caught fire. The Sheikh then asked us to change room. We did that three times." The boy narrated his ordeal. The boy said the soldiers used a loudspeaker to ask for the remaining people in the house to come out otherwise they would set fire to the house altogether. The boy added that: "The Sheikh refused to capitulate but demanded that we go out, which we also refused. We would not afford to leave him in the lurch." The boy also told me that the soldiers did not see them; it was hired thugs who had come to loot who saw us and went back to alert the soldiers. When the soldiers came they shelled the room before they took us away. They asked me if I was his son, I said no. So, they separated me. They then turned to the Sheikh's wife and her daughter, Suhaila. They asked her whether she was his daughter, she said yes. The soldiers then said, "No wonder, you are as fearless as your father." They whisked away the Sheikh and his family members and sent the boy to the hospital.

As for me I gave the contact number of Malam Yahaya Bargi, who later came to the hospital and picked us. When we returned home, I was further taken to the orthopedic hospital in Kano where I underwent a crucial ligament surgery to excise an

excess bone formed as a result of the shooting. This is what I witnessed during the massacre. May Allah bless us with salvation and fortitude to stick to our Movement! May Allah free our leader from the enemies.



How soldiers abused us in Zaria

By Rumasa'u Usman Goronyo

I was in Zaria during the massacre. I was a student of Alhudahuda College of Education doing a diploma course. I was even working on my final project at the time. We were at home when we received the news that soldiers had been deployed to Hussainiyya. We were also told that there was a sinister motive behind their deployment. The news unsettled us, so we made up our minds to head to Hussainiyya. The day coincided with the already-scheduled programme to hoist Maulud flag as it was done yearly.

We were four in number, so we boarded a tricycle. When we reached Kofar Doka, which was not very far from Hussainiyya, we found that soldiers have blocked the road. We detoured to bypass the road. It was when we reached the PZ outlet, where the Quds Day massacre took place a few months back that the tricycle driver said he could not take us to Hussainiyya owing to the tense situation there. We dropped and paid him. We met Martyr Fatima M. Lawan, who was also on her way to Hussainiyya. We teamed up and headed to Hussainiyya. We had to enter from the back gate because the main gate was blocked.

We realized, after entering the building, that the soldiers had already shot a large number of our brothers, many of them were martyred while some sustained various degrees of injuries. We entered one room where the wounded were being treated before we were assigned to some tasks.

It was around 5:00am on Sunday after saying our prayers that the soldiers resumed shelling, firing grenades at the Hussainiyya building. The brothers at the time were only chanting “Ya Mahdi!” The Hussainiyya was burning and the intense shelling showed no sign of abetting. They killed a large number of people and the wounded were lying down and there was no way to take them to the hospital. When they realized they had overpowered us, they then broke into the building. They shot to death whomever they came across. The number of the wounded was fast growing.

The fact that we were at the back gate and the fire was engulfing parts of the building, the cloudy smoke complicated the matter. The shelling did not stop despite the fire. They arrested a lot of people.

When we realized they came close to the building, I and one girl named Karima hid in a hallway. Unfortunately, one of them spotted us as we entered. Unknowingly, my leg felt as if a building collapsed on it. I was shot, so was Karima. I found it unbearable to stand on my feet. They came and dragged us on the ground, not minding the injuries we had sustained. They even mocked us, asking for the magic water people drink to be brainwashed and converted to Shia, which was far from the truth. I replied to them that they would have found the water since they have already demolished the building. They then asked for the weapons we had been stockpiling. I said they would have recovered the weapons if we had them. One of the soldiers warned they could kill me if I did not soften my words. They beat us and almost drove us into coma. They removed our hijabs and poured cold water on our bodies. They left us writhing in pain.

Shortly afterwards, one officer came and recorded our names. He then asked us to give our next of kin's numbers who would come to pick us. We said we did not have the number with us. He then told us of their intent to take us to the hospital. Moments later, I recalled my elder brother's number and gave them. He came over. When I was checked, it was found that I had three bullets in my body and a fracture I sustained as a result of the torture. I was transferred to another hospital in Sokoto State from Shika Teaching Hospital after staying there for two days.

What the soldiers had committed was actually a crime against humanity. We knew from the onset that there was a sinister motive behind their deployment. Their president is a Zionist puppet. He was installed to wage war against Islam and Muslims. We will continue to pray for divine vengeance against them; we are confident Allah will avenge for us. We were unmoved despite the massacre and this will not divert us from what we believe in, even if they are going to massacre us again the way they have done to our brothers and sisters. We continue to pray for our leader's quick recovery and protection from the enemies' conspiracies. I am

calling on the government to release our leader, his wife and our brothers who are being illegally detained by the government.



Soldiers told us to surrender and still killed many at Hussainiyya

By Jamilu Musa Usman

I hail from Bauchi State and I am one of the leading members of Abdul Fadl Foundation. Initially, we were inside Sheikh Zakzaky's house preparing for the flag hoisting ceremony because the ceremony



Jamilu Musa Usman

was scheduled to take place on the first day of the month the Holy Prophet Muhammad (SAWA) was born. All of a sudden we received a text message that Hussainiyya was under attack! We headed to Hussainiyya without delay. When we reached PZ junction, before we even got to the Hussainiyya, we began to notice military presence, standing on the pavement. We finally reached the Hussainiyya and noticed stones all over the road. We were told it was soldiers who for no reason came and opened fire. We concluded that it was a sign of a large scale massacre since they had really opened fire and killed people. No amount of excuse would justify their deployment at Hussainiyya. I went down to meet the soldiers as our brothers were trying to persuade the soldiers to withdraw because they could not trust them.

We were there when the Buratai's convoy arrived. The brothers refused to let the convoy pass by because they could not trust the soldiers any more. When the soldiers pleaded with them to lift the blockade, the brothers said some of the soldiers passed by and unjustifiably killed our brothers in the process. It was at the time that Sani Usman KukaSheka came out with his cameramen recording the scene. He begged them to allow them to pass by, but the brothers refused, insisting the soldiers had to explain the killing of their brothers. No sooner had they finished recording the scene

that they ordered the soldiers to open fire, killing many including women and children. I could recall the first person the soldier had killed in my presence was a small girl of not more than eight years old. They shot her on the head and she died on the spot. They then killed another brother whose hand was amputated as a result of gunshot he suffered during the Quds Day massacre which occurred a year before. They killed him as he was protesting against the soldiers. He was popularly known as Sufi. The soldiers were heavily armed to kill brothers as if they were sent to prosecute a war against another country.

As a matter of fact, the soldiers had outnumbered us because they were many that day than you could imagine. The brothers were left with no option but retreat and enter the Hussainiyya. We thought it was over since the soldiers only said they wanted to pass by and they killed our members as we feared. What were they supposed to do then since we have left the road? Unfortunately, that was the beginning of the large scale massacre. In a surprised move, the soldiers besieged the Hussainiyya by blocking access to the gates. We entered a room on top of the Hussainiyya expecting the soldiers to withdraw but to our bewilderment, their numbers kept increasing.

It was not long when the governor of Kaduna State passed by. That made us think the soldiers would be asked to withdraw since the governor had accessed the situation, besides he was the chief security officer of the state. We thought he would reign in the soldiers. However we continued under siege and it showed no sign of ending. We were inside chanting Allahu Akbar. It was not long after, we saw a military truck being off loaded nearby. We came to notice that it brought deadly weapons. I saw huge caches of ammunitions being dropped to the soldiers at Hussainiyya. I saw more deadly weapons I cannot describe. They did not fire shots around 3:00 p.m. until around 10:30 p.m. when a rapid propelled grenade hit a section of Hussainiyya. Then the soldiers began to shell the building as the brothers took cover.

Whenever they spent like 30 minutes shelling, there was a respite which lasted no less than 10 minutes, before the soldiers deployed resume the shelling. The soldiers fired a grenade again,

bringing in military tanks and the soldiers were escorting them. The tanks smashed to pieces any target it hit including humans. The soldiers fired at close range, so a person was more likely to die from the gunshots.

The soldiers continued to fire grenades, using tanks and with soldiers in all directions. The shelling and heavy bombardment was so intense that the soldiers could not withstand it for long unless they were replaced with other soldiers. I alone heard the sounds of grenades five times. Our expectation was that the siege and the bombardment would come to an end by the morning. But the soldiers, around 5:00am on Sunday broke through the two gates. They initially wanted to force through the Hussainiyya main gate in the night, but our brothers resisted despite the fact that the soldiers were massacring them. The second which was not strong enough was smashed by the tanks and the soldiers embarked upon killing spree. To me, the killing was worse than massacre. The soldiers could not separate children from adults or women from men. They killed more brothers and sisters than I could describe.

There were a number of brothers who were hiding in some corridors. Then the soldiers came and asked them to surrender, promising to spare them if they did so. They said whoever surrendered before they counted ten, would be spared. The soldiers also promised to take the wounded to the hospital and that if a person was not injured could surrender by raising their hands up. They would not shoot a person if he did that. To sum of the case, when the brothers surrendered, they gathered them, shot them on their legs and tied them tightly using the sisters' hijabs. When they whisked away the first batch of brothers they had arrested including the wounded, the soldiers returned to set those who died on fire. I refused to surrender despite the offer because at least I saw how they shot at those who had surrendered. You see it was a clear act of deception. I was in a room inside the Hussainiyya which was close to the studio where the wounded and dead brothers were kept including the victims of Gabari carnage and the ones who lost their lives when the soldiers were deployed.

We were with a volunteering brother and sister. The sister said she would surrender. She even removed a fledge-worded

bandana from her forehead and placed it on where I was shot in a bid to stop the wound from bleeding. She joined the brothers who had surrendered and were arrested. I turned to the volunteering brother and warned him not to surrender even if it would lead us to martyrdom. That was my candid advice. I would rather be martyred than surrender. The brother agreed to my advice. We stayed among the dead and wounded brothers when the soldiers came and opened the door by force. We watched as they opened fire in the room. Thanks to the way the building was made up, their bullets couldn't get us. We still refused to come out. They continued to ask those hiding to come out. When they came again, the volunteering brother moved to adjust his posture and the soldiers heard his movement and fired at his direction which killed him instantly. They used to fire at least twenty bullets at any direction they suspected brothers were hiding so that they could not survive the shelling.

There was a brother who was shot in the mouth apart from the brother who had just been gunned down. The soldiers now understood I was lurking in the building, and there were soldiers numbering more than a hundred surrounding the room I was staying. When they insisted, I made a bold move to say I would not surrender. I thought they would shell me the way they did to the volunteering brother because I would be willing to die than to surrender. As the standoff continued, I just realized the room was on fire, threatening to burn me alive. That made me to think of doing something even if they would shoot me instead of staying to be burnt alive. I waddled silently to the next room and the wounded brother tried to follow me but unfortunately his movement attracted their attention. They did not see me leave, so they mistook him for me, and they responded by fire which instantly claimed his life. I entered the room where the victims of Gabari carnage were kept. There were a lot of martyrs in the room also. I went and lay among the dead feigning death after the soldiers had killed everybody in the room, so they did not think there was a living person left in the Hussainiyya. Allah decreed that I would survive. As a result of the fact the soldiers demolished sections of the building; I could see the outside from the room I was staying in.

HOW THE SOLDIERS EMBARKED ON LOOTING SPREE

After setting fire to parts of the building, they resorted to stealing precious items, taking them away on their vehicle. Sadly, I watched with my naked eyes as the soldiers bungled open the boxes stashed with donated money that was meant for the construction of the Hussainiyya, looting the money. The soldiers nearly engaged in fighting over a phone after one soldier wanted to seize a dead brother's phone from his fellow soldier.

They really embarked upon looting spree because I was there when they were looting the money and filling their pockets. They set the place on fire when they finished the looting. They also set the brothers bikes on fire after emptying the petrol for an unknown reason. It was thereafter that they went berserk burning down the remaining rooms by pouring petrol. I was lying among the dead people when I heard the coming of some two soldiers. One suggested they evacuate the dead while another advised that they set fire to them. They poured petrol on the room and set it alight. I felt the blazing effect of the fire threatening to kill which was the reason I left the other room. A soldier noticed my leg was trembling because I was busy thinking of what to do next. The soldier came hurriedly and dug me up. Our eyes met which meant I was alive. He saw no sign of fear in my eyes. The soldier realized we could die together if he wasted time because the fire was fast engulfing the room. He fired a shot at me which got my shoulder but he actually targeted my chest. It was my sudden movement that helped me evaded the bullet. He never thought I would survive the fire because he targeted my sensitive part of my body. He hurriedly ran out of the room to escape the fire. I too managed to leave the room in a hurry. It was a miracle that I did not die. I saw the soldiers outside the building. Despite the fact that the bullet nearly crippled my remaining strength, I managed to climb the building and land inside a white house used by brothers. I met a brother lying down too. He helped me climbed over the wall and land in another house because I could barely use my hand and my leg was shot to the extent that I could not use it. The house owner became unease with us, so we moved on to an uncompleted building behind Unity Bank. We stayed there together for nine days without food and water.

After moving to the new hideout, we felt at ease. There were many of us there, but the problem was whoever got out was shot to death by the soldiers because there were soldiers scattered all over the area. I spent nine days hiding there along with a brother named Basiru.

It was on my second day that he came to where I was, and he told he was on his second day without food. He was very thirsty and he could die as a result. I saw we were in the same boat. I said my situation was even worse because my body was riddled with bullets. We stayed there for three more days before another brother joined to make us three.

On the ninth day, the hunger was biting us so hard that we feared we could die any moment. That forced us to find a panacea for ourselves. We saw an unripe orange which was so unripe that a person could only bite the peel and eat. I plucked the orange as such and reluctantly ate it. But Bashir could not eat it despite the fact that it was dangerous to stay without food.

We were in a moment of that indecision when a brother from Jalingo city who was teaching at Fudiyya School, Zaria came. I have forgotten his name because we were all too traumatic to store anything on mind. The teacher went to a nearby house which was also being used by the soldiers. He begged the house guard who handed us some porridge. I did not eat much of it. This was the only thing we ate throughout the nine days in hiding.

It was in the last days that we began to devise ways of escaping from the hideout. We realized that the restriction was being lifted on Sunday because it is a day Christians attend church services. So we all decided to go out on Sunday. As for the other brother, Basiru, he said he would go and meet the house guard who would help him. But I did not fall for the idea because I did not trust these people. He went to the man who gave him dirty clothes to dress and pose as a madman. That was how he escaped.

It was two of us left: I and the man from Jalingo. I removed my trouser and t-shirt which were smeared with bloodstain. The brother helped me wash the cloth and lay the clothes on the wall to dry. My leg swelled as a result of the gunshot to the extent that I could not walk. I tried to thoroughly stand on my feet and walk so

that people could not realize something was wrong with me if I went out. The brother wiped the bloodstain off my body. He went out around 7:00 p.m. to access the situation and he said it was safe to go out. I offered to go out first so that he could not go out if he heard gunshot or if I was martyred. I went out walking behind some soldiers who stopped me and asked where I was going. I said I was going to a physiotherapist to fix my injured hand. They lighted the hand and saw the hand was swollen. The soldiers were being dispatched to patrol the area at 6:00 p.m. They then asked to know what happened to my hand. I said I got the injury when we uploaded a truckload of woodcut in Sabon Gari Market in the morning. It was when I came to a site to work that I realized I could not work. So I decided to go and fix my hand. His third question unsettled me and nearly gave me away. "Where are you working?"

I said I was working at GRA (Government Residential Area.) He beamed my face. It was very dark, so he let me pass by. The other brother came after me when I was about to ride a commercial biker. We met and bade farewell, promising to meet again someday. I asked the bike rider to take me to Gyallesu. He said Gyallasu was under curfew at 7:00 p.m. I then asked him to take me to Kofar Doka. It was there I stopped at a teashop where I asked for a cup of tea and I gulped down the tea. I borrowed his phone, saying I had a brother, Habibu Abdullahi who was studying at Ahmadu Bello University, Zaria. I told him of my situation where he sent me his friend's address. It was when I reached the house and discovered it was a well-known house to me. I was sheltered and given medical treatment.

We were resting around 2:00am and there was confusion near the residence when some masked thugs came to demolish the Fudiyya Islamic Centre located in Tudun Jukun. In the morning, I was given food and medication. They changed my clothes and boarded me on a bus upon which I returned home to Bauchi. This is the brief account of what happened to me. But as a matter of fact the soldiers had committed serious crimes against humanity, the kind of which we never expected. They really preplanned the massacre more than a person could imagine.

Soldiers set us on fire after shooting us

By Bilkisu Kabara Malumfashi

I am a 22-year old married woman. I came to participate in the flag hoisting ceremony on 1st Rabi'ul Awwal 1436 (12th December, 2015). Shortly after we set off to Hussainiyya Baqiyatullah, we received news of the encirclement of Hussainiyya Baqiyatullah by soldiers. That forced us to head to Gyallesu instead of the Hussainiyya. It was when we reached Gyallesu that we heard that soldiers were still shooting at people inside Hussainiyya thereby killing a large number



Bilkisu Kabara Malumfashi

of our people. We remained in Gyallesu till the nightfall. Around 10:00pm, a large number of soldiers were sent to Gyallesu and the soldiers shelled and spent the entire night shelling and shooting.

It was in the early morning of Sunday that they shot me on my leg. But in the noon the soldiers were reinforced and it was when they made advances that I was shot in my hand which fractured my hand. The soldiers continued to shell the area to a point that they set fire to the leader's house. We were taken to volunteers' house where the wounded were being treated. The soldiers cornered us and set fire on the building. The fire continued to engulf the house till it was noon. The soldiers set the house again on fire in the evening. We stayed in the building for two days in a row while the fire was still raging the house.

They knew some people were sheltering in the house. The soldiers even climbed over a section of the building that was not torched by the fire in order to make sure we were burned to death. The fire was so intense that some of us were even urging the soldiers to just shoot them to death instead of letting them burn to ashes. The soldiers just laughed as they watched. A lot of people burned beyond recognition; some even lost their dear lives due to the fire.

The fact that I was unconscious due to the fracture I sustained, I only regained my consciousness when the house was set alight. We're then brought out of the rooms to the veranda. The veranda was so full with people that a person could hardly find a way-out. I actually could not count the exact number of people who died or were injured in the house. A lot of people succumbed to their wounds as a result of the fire because they were powerless to escape being burnt by the fire.

We stayed in the house for two days without food or water. The soldiers later in the evening came to fetch the corpses, and when they heard a movement, they found us and asked, "So you are still alive right? I think we should just finish you so you can rest altogether." They fetched us, brought us to the streets and waylaid us. We stayed there for a long while. Then they brought a truck and evacuated us including the dead and the critically wounded. After separating us from the men, they brought an ambulance. We were taken to the barrack where they dumped us on a dirty pitch. That was where we spent the day though some were taken to a detention room.

You want to know about the number of male and female survivors? To be honest, I cannot tell of the number of male survivors because they were evacuated; some were too sick to walk, some had to be assisted to stand up. I didn't know whether some of them were alive or dead. The soldiers just picked them and threw them on a truck. We, women were witnesses to all this, though one Sister died when we were brought to the hospital.

I don't think the soldiers belong to Hausa ethnic group because one thing I cannot forget was the soldiers could not speak

Hausa when they entered the house occupied by the volunteers. They sent one guy who looked like a street thug. He was playing a Shi'a song (with his phone). At that point one critically-injured brother regained his consciousness and asked the guy to give him water to drink. The guy interjected, "Oh you are still alive!" The guy sent his friend who came after him to alert the soldiers that some were still alive. The soldiers could not speak Hausa. They hired the Hausa speakers to serve as their agents. Most of them could not speak Hausa really.

The killings by the soldiers did not scare us a bit. It has even emboldened us to stick to what we believe in. Our hope is for our leader to be free. May Allah put an end to this oppression.



Like Karbala, Like Zaria

By Musa Muhammad

On 12/12/15, the day the massacre began to unfold, a friend called to inform me that soldiers were dispatched to attack the flag hoisting ceremony. At the time, a number of martyrs have already been recorded. I began preparing to be in Zaria in order to protect my leader. We were five when we set off to Zaria; I, Hassan Makera, Martyr Abdulrazak, Martyr Mubarak Bala and Gambo.



Musa Muhammad

By the time we reached Zaria, we headed to Dan Magaji where we packed our belongings. We were about to get something to eat when we began to hear gunshots near Sheikh Zakzaky's residence. That forced us to head to the house. It was when we reached the house that we realized the shooting was coming from the main gate leading to Gyallesu. We made a beeline for the gate. By the time we arrived, some of our members were already martyred. I was watching as the soldiers fired a grenade at some kiosks which caught fire. (It was dark,) so the fire enabled them to shoot at our members' positions. We were just defending ourselves with stones. There came Martyr Hamza Yawuri. We went to the Gyallesu main gate together and by the time the soldiers were busy shelling the area. Brothers were scattered, many of whom were already martyred, while some were taking cover to avoid being shot and others were throwing stones in a forlorn attempt to push back the marauding soldiers.

We reached the Benadeen gate together with some other brothers to confront the soldiers. It was at that point that they shot a

brother who was very close to me. I was one of those who took away his body. We continued to throw stones at the soldiers in a bid to protect ourselves and prevent them from reaching to the leader's residence. By the sunset, a lot of brothers were tired and left without food or water. I was also very exhausted. I found somewhere to rest but I continued to motivate the brothers to hold on. I could, at that point only, help with slogans because I was so worn-out. I was reclining on a wall when Martyr Hamza Yawuri came to pass by and entered a tiny pathway that was the last time I saw him alive. It was later I realized he was killed by the soldiers.

It was in the night on Saturday that Sheikh Turi came out from Sheikh Zakzaky's residence and I was one of the people who pleaded with him to go back. He said he just wanted to reach out to the soldiers who had been shelling us. We cried and begged him not to go. We continued to resist the soldiers until morning. The atmosphere was very tense and the standoff was very ugly. We started looking for water in the morning on Sunday but couldn't get it; there was no sign of it till the noon. It was the replica of Karbala Tragedy.

The soldiers advanced forward with their military tanks. At that point the brothers were very exhausted by thirst and hunger. They were so exhausted that their voice could barely be heard. The breeze was very cold and chilly. The brothers' lips dried due to lack of water. I summoned up courage to get up and I followed through a tiny corridor and caught the soldiers off guard. They opened fire on me but I managed to hide. It was at that point that I met one brother from Suleja named Mannir. A while after, Hafiz, one of our leader's bodyguard joined us, and Sarkin Malamai also joined us; that meant our number increased to four. At that time, the soldiers were busy killing people. Another brother who was very close to Malam Maina joined us. Mannir went out to call for help from brothers to come and help us out. The soldiers shot Hafz in his eye. We took him to our volunteers who attended to him. The soldiers soon noticed our hiding place. They caught us off guard by shelling our position. I was the only person who was shot multiple times at my hand and leg. The remaining brothers retreated.

No sooner had we left the place that the soldiers stormed the area. I was eventually taken to the paramedics. I was lying in blood as more bodies were being brought in. The soldiers, noticing our sheer exhaustion, pushed forward. Everybody was then told to leave. I had to leave the leader's house even though I was shot on my hand and leg. The soldiers were also shooting to death the critically wounded persons who were receiving medical attention. I limped out of the place as blood continued to ooze out of my wounds. I was very weak. I was so thirsty that my throat dried. I looked very dejected to say the least. Wherever we went to ask for assistance, people just turned us back. I was fast losing blood and the soldiers had already reached Sheikh Zakzaky's compound shooting the wounded persons.

We reached the nearby swamp of sugarcane and hid till 5pm in the evening when soldiers arrived at the place, but fortunately they did not see us. That was how we escaped. It is true that we recorded a large number of martyrs. A lot of brave people lost their lives. I therefore call on our fellow brothers to keep praying and seeking for closeness to Allah. May our blood be used for the establishment of the religion of Allah.



I watched as soldiers gunned down five of my nieces

By Abdullahi Muhammad

I hail from Gwagwalada, Abuja. I went to work on Saturday in the morning. I was there to supervise the work being completed by some labourers while my brothers all went to the National Mosque to attend the anniversary of Sheikh Usman Bin Fodio (the 19th century revolutionary) that was being organized every year. I



Abdullahi Muhammad returned home only to find them packing their belongings. I asked to know why and where they were heading to. They said soldiers had opened fire on our brothers at Hussainiyya and they were still killing our brothers. I too packed my belongings and set forth together with them.

We arrived at Zaria around 11:00pm. The time was consistent with the time the soldiers were busy shelling Hussainiyya and Gyallesu. So it was impossible to get access to the areas. We had to go and spend night at the Islamic Centre at Danmagaji. After saying the Subh (the Dawn prayers) that was on Sunday, we entered Gyallesu. We managed to sneak into the area despite the siege. The martyrs reached there before me because we did not use the same route to enter. I saw them standing at the gate of our leader's residence but I did not see Fatima. I asked for her whereabouts and I was told she was with some girls at the corner of

the area, but unknown to me, they were killed as they tried to enter the corner, she was the only girl left alive. I phoned her and her voice ringed my ear, "Big Daddy (that's how they often addressed me) where are you?" "I am with Nusaiba. Where are you then?"

"I am surrounded by heaps of corpses. They were all shot to death. I am currently lying among the dead and the soldiers are inches away from me! They could shoot me when I make any slight movement. Please forgive me. We would reunite in the House of Peace!" She added that in case we called and heard no response, she might have been martyred. That was what exactly happened. We called back several times but no call was answered. It happened before we left the Islamic Centre, when we heard the news of the arrest of their elder brother, Mukhtar, Nusaiba said he was probably martyred. Fatima said it was not true, "No, he's alive! I will be the first to attain martyrdom."

A'isha's friend had a dream that A'isha was martyred; her husband, Buhari responded by saying the dream might be referring to him. They continued to converse in a tone that signaled their end. The way they talked showed they had a premonition that they might soon get martyred. The good thing was they died at the time they were eager to die for the cause they believed in. The sacrifice was worth it. As we entered Gyallesu, Fatima was taken aback by how the soldiers were shooting from every angle. She said, "In the next three hours, I will join Imam Hussain (AS)." She was actually the first to be martyred among them."

We remained at the house of the leader until the soldiers overpowered the brothers, and we were with Nusaiba, Aisha, Bukhari Bello Jega and their young daughter, Batoola and a lot of brothers guarding the residence of the leader. A brother was shot in my presence. We evacuated him to a house where we used to keep our martyrs. The soldiers stormed the house, shot the wounded brother as well as another wounded brother, but I was lucky that the bullets did not get me. They caught and molested me. I turned only to see Bukhari lying dead in front of the Sheikh's residence, but Nusaiba and others managed to enter the house. They whisked me away debating whether to kill me or not and a soldier even readied his gun to shoot, when another soldier spared me. They then put me on top of a wall to flee. As I left, I phoned Nusaiba, she said they were inside the Sheikh's house but they were shot. She told me how

she was shot in her stomach and Aisha and her daughter, Batoola, were already killed. I was trapped for hours until the late evening when I managed to escape.

I just want to send a message to our brothers and sisters that the Leader has never hidden anything from us and we were aware of this conspiracy and how it would be executed. Our sacrifice has emboldened our belief that we are on the right path. If you take a look at history, when Abu Lahab mocked the Prophet of God, alleging that the Prophet sought to run a parallel government. That exactly happened to Imam Ali (AS), Imam Hasan (AS) and Imam Husain (AS). When Yazidu took over power, he said he would not agree to a parallel government. You can see what has happened to us is similar to what has happened to the Prophet of God and his descendants. A large number of our brothers were massacred and the authorities were beating about the bush as to how they can justify the killings. They first alleged our brothers attempted to assassinate Buratai, but they too came to realize that the allegation made no sense at all. They then came up with another allegation of road blockade. But Buhari has talked about the reason behind the massacre. He said the government cannot allow “a state within a state.” You see this is just the reason and it is no different from what tempted Abu Lahab to attempt assassinating the Prophet (SAWA). Therefore, let's gird our loins by doing the right things at the right time in order to get divine intervention like the believers before us. Let's keep up praying and protesting until our leader is released.

Soldiers shot Sheikh Zakzaky's elder sister and burnt her alive

By Nuriyya M. Abdullahi

I was 16 years old then and was staying with my parents in Kaduna at that time. We were at home on Saturday preparing to attend the flag hoisting ceremony later in the evening in Zaria as part of the celebration of the Prophet's birthday. We were about to set out for Zaria when we received the news that soldiers have been deployed at Hussainiyya. Nonetheless we headed to Zaria directly. By the time we reached Zaria, they had blocked the road leading to the Hussainiyya.



Nuriyya M. Abdullahi

Our mother then suggested that we go to Gyallesu. That was the only option. As we reached there we met one elder sister, the Mother of Fatima Shahida. She told us that her son was also martyred. We were shocked and left wondering why they had started shooting. We entered the Sheikh's residence and found sisters there. We resorted to praying immediately.

We came to a decision that we should confront them en masse at Hussainiyya, but Malam Hamza Yawuri, the leader of the volunteer unit, cautioned us not to do that, saying effort was in place to resolve the stand-off. It was later in the evening that we received a report that soldiers were coming to Gyallesu. Having noticed that, we were then sent to a friend's house, Fatima Sayyida (now martyred). Our father ordered that we go and help cook food for the

volunteers and visitors. We cooked and continued discussing the killings that took place in Gabari (a village located in the outskirt of Zaria city). We were about to sleep when our mother came and asked us to take food to sisters who were staying outside in that cold weather. We carried food in flask, but no sooner had we got out that we saw brothers standing up and chanting Allahh Akbar (God is Great). Unknown to us, the soldiers had already attacked Gyallesu and casualties were being recorded. We just dropped the food and went forward. By the time we reached there, they had already set some shops on fire. We took cover because they had been shelling the area and those killed were being evacuated. I met one female paramedic who gave me a package of bandage, thus, we used the bandage to dress any person wounded.

Three of us, I, Nusaiba Abubakar Abdullahi from Sokoto and Fidda Mukhtar Sahabi were still taking cover when Nusaiba said she was going to stand up and move forward. Immediately she stood up, she was shot in the head and she fell down martyred on the spot. I looked around me and saw a brother who was also shot in the head. Shortly after, I was shot in the leg. I was taken to the house used mainly by the volunteers where I was given first aid treatment. My leg continued to gush out blood till morning. Some brothers I was staying with have been vomiting out blood while some of them were foam in their mouths because the soldiers used poisonous bullets against us. We thought the soldiers would be tired of killing and turn back before dawn, but the atrocities got even worse in the morning. More martyred and wounded people were being brought in. Sheikh Turi came to access our situation in the morning. He said: "We will go out and will never surrender. If they succeeded in killing us, let them live in the world till eternity!" He sounded very defiant. He went back and I never heard of him again. We were later informed that he was martyred.

We were inside the house when we heard the soldiers breaking through the final gate manned by our brothers. We left the house and we met with Sheikh Mukhtar Sahabi. He was telling us, "What is the essence of our existence without our leader? Let's go and confront them!" We picked stones and went forward. The

soldiers at the same time fired smokes and grenades. That made it impossible for us to see what was happening around them. The smokes made it easy for the soldiers to fire at us. That forced us to retreat. Sheikh Mukhtar led some men to move forward. I never heard of him also since then.

We returned to the house and got sheltered. We stayed with Zainab Sunusi, who lived in Kurmin Mashi, Kaduna. Our room suddenly got heated up when they set it on fire. As soon as we moved out of the room, the ceiling ruptured. We converged to the veranda. It was at that point that brother Yaya Abbas was shot in his stomach. I talked to him but he only smiled back at me. He could not speak. I had to sidestep him to move out.

The drips that were used to help treat the wounded were beginning to melt down thereby burning the casualties to ashes. It was there that I saw Mustapha Nasidi from Potiskum, cutting down the drips from the people to prevent them from melting down on them. He was busy motivating us to be steadfast, saying it was a divine test. He said the suffering would be over once a person died. He came to me asking if I had a relative's contact who could be informed about the situation I was in. I said I had my mother's contact. He asked for her name which I told him, Fatima Zuru. He just shook his head. Her phone was switched off, and one person had told me that all the people staying outside, including my mother, were martyred. I later on held talk with my father on phone, and he also encouraged me not to give in.

It was at that moment that the soldiers climbed over the wall and shot at any person who was still alive. They were shooting people on the head and the worst thing was the house was engulfed by fire and there was no way to escape. I suddenly saw Sidi Mustapha fall down, he was shot. I could not know where they shot him at. We had to lie down and feign death. Smoke was threatening us, and by the time I raised my head to breath, a soldier saw me. He asked me to come out.

There was an elderly man beside me. I told him to stand up and just give in and the sacrifice had been made even if they killed him. We should not forget the epic tragedy of Karbala. He refused,

saying “if you go out and they don't shoot you, I would come out. But if they shoot you, I would stay even if I would be burnt by the fire.” I opted to go out. There were a lot of people sheltering in the house, but the survivors were few. The bodies of the casualties were very terrible to look at.

The soldiers began beating me with batons, saying I was defiant because whenever they hurled insults at our leader or the movement, I retaliated back. They chained me very tightly, asking out of curiosity why I would not be silent. I was about to fall down when a soldier drew out a machete threatening to cut down my legs if I went down. He was serious about it. They took us to where they were detaining our brothers. I was there when they brought in Awwal K. Mashī. He too was severely beaten by the soldiers.

The soldiers were asking us whether we could abandon Shi'a if we were to be released. I replied them that unless they could mete out to us what was worse than death, I would never abandon Shi'a. I said we would never surrender to the oppressors because every follower must be ready to face this kind of persecution. I said, “Woe to you, the Zionist puppets! You were given contracts to kill your Muslim brothers. They responded by saying we were not Muslims. One soldier came forward claiming he alone shot Sheikh Turi three times. They asked about my mother, I said they killed her. They asked of my father, I said they have also killed him. They asked of my elder brothers, I said they were all killed. I said they could also kill me because I did not know where to go if they leave me alive. I saw my elder brother, Abubakar in front of Zakzaky's residence, and I suspected that they killed him.

The soldiers were really cruel to us. There was a girl and a very young boy at the centre they detained us, who were bleeding profusely as the result of the gunshots they suffered. They were asking for water but the soldiers rebuked them saying they were going to die that way. “You can get the water from you Hussain and Mahdi,” they mocked them. They said we would die this way since our parents, as they said, destroyed our lives. The boy got martyrdom before they even took us to their barrack.

We met a lot of brothers at the barrack. I recognized one

sister, Fauziyya Sale. They transferred us to another barrack, but the barrack turned us back to the first barrack. The first barrack for the second time refused to accept us. They had to transfer us to where we were initially rejected. We suffered untold hardship. They threw a number of people out of the vehicles despite the fact that some had suffered gunshots, some were even chained. A person had to endure the pain of falling on the ground.

On Tuesday, a soldier rushed to our detention room and told us that our brothers were protesting in Kaduna. "We are going to kill them all," he said. I said after killing them, they should follow them to the hereafter and kill them again. I warned them that none of us will live in this world for eternity. There will be the Day of Judgment when everybody's deeds will be judged and rewarded. He was touched by my words. He stayed aside. Another one came forward branding us ignorant. I was very furious at his statement. I had to confront him in English. He was so angered by my words that he started beating me before somebody intervened and stopped him.

It was on Monday that Sheikh Zakzaky's daughter, Suhaila and others were brought in. She said they were brought to the barrack together with the Sheikh, but she and Sajida were separated from him. So she had no idea as to where they have taken him to. I began to doubt her words but she said she could never lie to me. She narrated how the soldiers broke into their house and how her three younger brothers were killed. She said Sheikh Zakzaky's elder sister (Goggo Kaura) and one woman who served as their cook were burnt to death. After shooting her on the leg, she limped and begged them for the sake of her age that they let her have access to her brother, Ibraheem Zakzaky, even though she knew they would not spare her. A masked soldier came forward, set fire to the room and threw her and Malama Shema'u inside. She was screaming that they were humans and should not be killed with fire, but the soldiers were just laughing at her until they could hear no more of her cries.

Suhaila said a soldier wanted to slap the Sheikh's wife Zeenat Ibrahim, but she ducked. She slapped him so hard that he stepped back reeling. He regained his composure and punched her on

the eye. She fell down. She was also shot in her stomach. On the other hand, his children, Humaid, Hamid and Ali bade farewell to their father before they were all gunned down. As for Suhaila, the soldiers chained her and beat her to a pulp. She said she witnessed the moment they shot her father. They aimed at his head but the bullet did not enter it. The Sheikh willed her that in case of his martyrdom, she should tell the remaining brothers that nothing should stop as far as our activities were concerned, and there should be no capitulation to the oppressors. If they were martyred, they would access the paradise as a result of their epic sacrifice. Suhaila told her story, sobbing.

Every time the soldiers entered, they brought with them cameras and iPad taking photos of us even though we had no hijabs to cover our bodies. It was some days later that they came to inform us that they were taking us to the hospital in order to be given medical attention as a result of the injuries we sustained. They carried us in a military truck as they rained insults on us. They even asked us to tell our parents to treat us of our wounds, saying we were no longer under their custody till may be next time they caught us. I told them they would by the God's grace never live long to commit another atrocity against us. I wished they could not last even a week. I wonder how they killed infants and children even if they were accusing us of committing crimes. The soldiers claimed that they were killing the children to prevent them from growing up as Shiites. They were even surprised that I was very young but had courage to talk tough to them.

When we were passing by Hussainiyya, they stopped over there for a while before they came out laughing and moved forward. I thought they were leaving the town with us because the journey appeared to be very long and bumpy. However after a short while, we only found ourselves at ABU Teaching Hospital at Shika. They all threw us out of the vehicle. When I was forcefully brought down, I bashed my hand to the extent that I thought to have broken it. They threatened to keep me with them even if everybody was allowed to go. I replied that I would never be silenced by oppression. I chided them over the inhumanity against their fellow human beings. They

dumped us and drove off. The hospital was filled to capacity with some being treated on the bare floor. The fact that our injuries were not very severe we were treated on the floor while others were fully admitted. Shortly after our arrival, Red Cross volunteers brought water, drinks and blankets. They tried hard to comfort us. They really helped us a lot. They gave us biscuits and water, but I refused to eat alleging they might be trying to poison us. Some of us ate, but I never ate throughout my stay at the hospital.

I called my mother at the hospital after learning that she was not martyred and told her we were brought to Shika. I saw doctor Buhari of the Kaduna Eye Centre, because his son was also shot and burnt. We were with Fidda Mukhtar Sahabi at the hospital, and she called her relatives and off she was taken home. I too was taken home the following day. Now that I have tremendously recovered!

They committed this atrocity to stop Shia but we will never deviate from this noble course. I still recall the lecture delivered by Zeenat Ibrahim in the aftermath of the Quds Day Massacre during which 34 people including her three sons were massacred. She predicted that thousands more might be killed in the future. It was during the massacre that I realized her prediction has come to pass. The Sheikh has been asking us to put our things in order because the government was not satisfied with our blood it had shed. Everything is now a reality.

I am calling on our brothers and sisters particularly the youths, because they are the backbones of every society, that we should explore ways of helping establish our religion. We must seek to inch closer to God through incessant praying and fasting. We should clean up our deeds. A large number of youths were killed during the massacre. So, we, the survivors, must be steadfast. I, Nuriyya M. Abdullahi affirm that there will be no retreat or surrender. We pray that Allah bestow resistance, courage and perseverance in us.

Confession of crime against humanity

By Kaduna State Government

The Kaduna State government has confessed to the secret mass burial of hundreds of the victims of mass extra judicial killings of the members of the Islamic Movement in Nigeria over one weekend in December 2015 in Zaria.



Alhaji Balarabe Abbas

The confession was made by the Secretary to the State Government (SSG), Alhaji Balarabe Abbas while testifying at the Judicial Commission of Inquiry (JCI) in Kaduna against vehement denial by the Nigerian Army of the existence of any mass grave in relation to the Zaria incident. In fact, then Colonel AK Ibrahim, who authored the Army's submission to the Commission and led the presentation, had said under oath that the army didn't kill anyone.

Alhaji Balarabe, who has just been reappointed as the SSG by Governor Elrufai, however, told the JCI that they supervised the secret burial of at least 347 corpses among those killed in Zaria by the army.

He gave a graphic description of how the burial was carried out at night, over six hours in faraway Mando in the outskirts of Kaduna, some 100km from where the killings took place. Clearly, a single mass grave was dug where all the victims were buried irrespective of males or females and without regards to the final funeral rites usually given to Muslims. There was also no attempt at seeking out for their relations in anyway. It was obvious that the government had wanted to hide this crime and reduce the number of victims affected.

However below are excerpts of what he said before the Judicial Commission of Inquiry:

“The commissioner of police joined us there and some other state security officials and we were monitoring the situation, because we were made to understand that throughout that night there was a clash and there were possible cases of fatalities around the area. So we met around 10:00am to review the situation. It was decided that there was the need for the state government to find out what was actually going on there. The Governor directed that I should get all the relevant officials and Directors that some should go to Zaria, some should monitor the situation in Kaduna. We had a team which I instructed the DG interfaith to move to Zaria and see what was going on there.

“When the commissioner of works came in we asked him to get his people to Zaria and look into the issue of destruction of properties that took place over night just to assess the situation and what should be done by the state government.

“And because of the fatalities that we were made to understand in Zaria we look into the relevant Kaduna state laws and started thinking of what to do with the corpses. The law provided that the corpses must be buried within 24 hours, but at that time because those that were killed between the afternoon of 12th December, 2015 and the early morning of 13th December, 2015, we started thinking of what to do with these corpses. We had discussion with the Army to find out the exact situation and we asked them to cooperate with our Director of Interfaith.

“Specifically I asked him to contact one Army officer so that they can put head together and to see what can be done in that direction. 191 corpses were from the Army Depot, 156 corpses were from the ABU Teaching Hospital. They were conveyed with the assistance of the Army.

“The Director Interfaith was there working with the military and the names are there. For example when I asked him to go to Zaria I asked him to go and meet Col. Ibrahim and they linked up with another Major. By the time he comes to testify he will name the officer who was with him throughout the process, up to the time they were being buried. And when they were being buried they counted one by one. The total figure for the corpses was 347.”

Nigeria: Families of hundreds of Shi'a Muslims killed in Zaria still await justice

By Amnesty International

The Nigerian authorities must ensure justice, truth and reparation over the military's unlawful killing of more than 350 Shi'a Muslims in the northern city of Zaria in December 2015, Amnesty International said on the two-year anniversary of the massacre.

No one has been held accountable for the killings, while the families of the missing are still awaiting news of their loved ones. Amnesty International has identified and visited the location of a possible mass grave near Mando, but it is yet to be exhumed.

“The Nigerian authorities' failure to hold anyone to account for the killing of hundreds of women, men and children by soldiers in Zaria, shows the acceptance of a culture of impunity for violations for human rights in the country,” said Osai Ojigho, Director of Amnesty International Nigeria.

“Our research indicates that the deaths in the clashes between members of the Islamic Movement of Nigeria (IMN) and the Nigerian military two years ago were the consequence of an excessive use of force that must be thoroughly investigated.”

Between 12 and 14 December 2015, Nigerian security forces killed hundreds of civilians, some of them supporters of the IMN – including men, women and children – and arrested more than 200 following a Shi'a Muslim protest.

The exact number of those killed is not known, but it may be higher than the official figure of 347. Hundreds of IMN supporters reported missing since the killings remain unaccounted for, feared dead.

Satellite images of the Mando mass grave site taken on 2 November and 24 December 2015 show severe disruption of an

area of approximately 1000 square metres, including the destruction of buildings and mosques.

“A full independent forensic investigation into this crime under international law is long overdue. Many families still do not know the fate of their loved ones who have not been seen or heard of since December 12, 2015,” said Osai Ojigho.

“Nigeria's Attorney General and Minister of Justice of the Federation should order that the bodies in the mass graves are exhumed, and that those suspected to be responsible for their deaths are prosecuted in fair trials without recourse to death penalty.”

The Nigerian government has failed to publicly condemn the unlawful killings that took place in Zaria.

Meanwhile, the IMN's leader, Sheik Ibraheem El Zakzaky and his wife have been unlawfully detained since the killings, despite an Abuja High Court order for their release a year ago.

“The Nigerian government cannot continue to disregard this court order and as a matter of urgency respect the rule of law by releasing them immediately.” said Osai Ojigho

In April 2016, a Kaduna state government official admitted that 347 IMN members were dumped in a mass grave near Mando.

“This information should be an important lead for the government to investigate the killings and ensure all those suspected of criminal responsibility are held to account,” said Osai Ojigho.

“But until now, the shocking lack of accountability for these deaths has served only to bolster a climate of impunity.”

BACKGROUND

The IMN is a Shi'a religious and political organization whose leader, Ibraheem Yaqub El Zakzaky, has been a proponent of Shi'a Islam in Nigeria since the 1980s. In October 2016, Kaduna state government declared IMN an unlawful organization.

According to Amnesty International's research, more than 350 IMN members were killed by security forces between 12 and 14 December 2015 in Zaria.

In July 2016, the Kaduna State Commission of Inquiry, set up to investigate the killings, presented its report to the state

government indicting the Nigerian military for unlawful killings.

In December, the Kaduna state government published its white paper on the report, which rejected most of the Commission's recommendations.

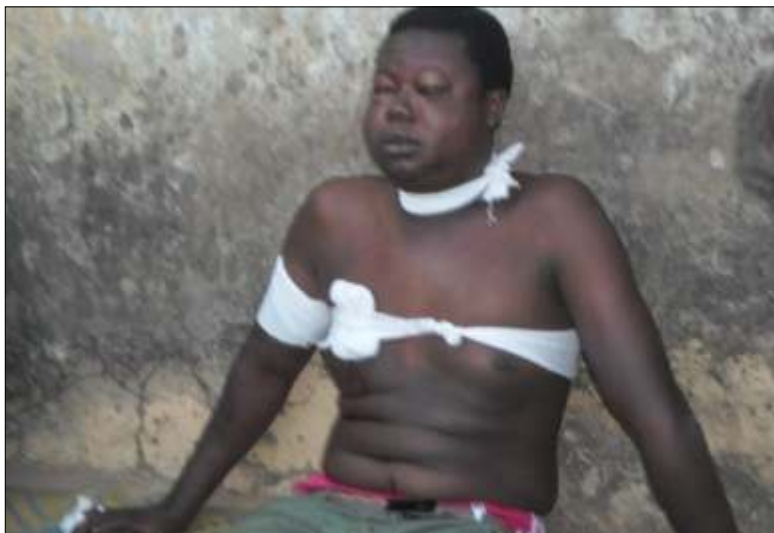
Processions, demonstrations and other activities organized by the IMN, usually without obtaining the necessary permits and at times blocking public roads, have frequently resulted in confrontation with the Nigerian authorities and strained relations with other communities.

BOOK 2 OF THE SURVIVORS ACCOUNT COMING OUT SOON!

SOME PICTURES SNAPPED DURING THE
SOLDIERS ATTACK ON SHEIKH ZAKZAKY'S
RESIDENCE



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